

VERY BRITISH

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 114. [PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.]

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 7TH 1911.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 114.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 7TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

YOUR ARM AS A RAZOR-STROP.

The man who does not feel inclined to buy a razor-strop, and at the same time is keen on preserving a good muscular development of the forearm, might do worse than put this hint into practice.

You can strop a razor on your left forearm quite as well as with a leather strop, if you do it properly.

Bare the arm to the elbow, clench your left fist and bend it slightly, holding the palm upwards, so that the muscles of the lower arm are kept tensely stretched. In this way a certain amount of natural oil—or sweat—will be forced through the pores.

Now use your forearm just as you would a strop; but go carefully at first for fear of cuts.

In time, however, you will be able to perform the feat almost with your eyes shut.

FIELD GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL.

The Field General Court-Martial can, as a rule, only be convened on active service. The one exception is in a country over seas, when a person subject to military law is charged with an offence against the person or property of an inhabitant of the country, and when it is not practicable to convene an ordinary court-martial.

A F.G.C.M. corresponds in many ways to the drum-head court-martial of former days. So far as possible, the procedure of an ordinary General Court-Martial is followed, but everything is subject to the "exigencies of the Service."

Thus, there should be at least three members, but in urgent cases two are competent to form a court.

A F.G.C.M. of two members, however, cannot award a sentence of death, and a court of three members can only do so when all the members are unanimous.

In an ordinary court-martial every word of the proceedings must be recorded in writing; but in the case of a F.G.C.M. only brief particulars, such as the prisoner's name, the charge, verdict, and sentence need be taken down.

Ordinarily, the verdict and sentence of a court-martial have to be confirmed by superior and independent authority, but a F.G.C.M. may be confirmed by an officer who in the usual way would not be competent to confirm the proceedings of a General Court-Martial.

An equality of votes on the verdict, means acquittal, and such a finding needs no confirmation, for it cannot be reversed.

The usefulness of the F.G.C.M., under certain circumstances, will be obvious to most readers.

CHEEK.

After a round of the principal pantomimes, our young friend, Bertie Bonnyboy, is continually carolling: "Put me among the 'boys.'"

The duty the London policeman likes best: regulating the (white slave) traffic.

An omen, we are told, has a considerable importance in the eyes of Miss Ellen Terry. We, for our part, think more of the w—omen.

Clothes, we are told, are to be made of banana skins. It is a dodge that will save a lot of time in dressing, for we all know what easy things banana skins are to slip on.

"Santa Claus At Holborn," runs a headline in a weekly paper. We understand that the genial saint strenuously denies all insinuations that he was in the Bars.

Miss Olga Nethersole is playing the part of Mary Magdalen in New York. A correspondent writes that it is a very hot rôle.

What a good many playwrights would like to say to the Censor just now: "Censor! you've got no sense, sir!"

"Sympathetic understanding" is, says Mrs. Rosalie Neish, "an indefinable spirit essence." What is whisky?

"What England needs is strong measures," says a friend of ours, who holds that whisky nowadays is served too sparingly and of insufficient strength.

"Prattle From Paris" is a feature in a weekly contemporary. If you can say it quickly nine times, "then"—as Wilkie Bard sings—"you're as sober as me."

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell says that "Hall is not an International class half yet." Does he mean he is not half a class International, or a class of International "half," or an International half-caste, or—

Hang i! We don't know what *we* mean—let alone what Mr. Sewell does!

There is one thing that the Boy Scouts do not scout, and that is Christmas-pudding.

Ever inquisitive, "M.A.P." wants to know whether Mr. Matheson Lang, the distinguished actor, or Mr. Bill Lang, the eminent pugilist, is the greater popular hero? Surely our contemporary knows that Matheson is *always* on top of the Bill.

J. S. Cox.

THE TAPE-ROOM BOY.

You who would be lost without your morning or evening paper, have probably never heard of a tape-room boy; but he is, in his own way, one of the most important workers on a newspaper's staff.

Every big newspaper has its "tape-room" (on an evening paper this is generally in one corner of the sub-editor's room), where a number of tape-machines stand in a row. As the tape runs out of them, quick-handed boys tear it off in convenient strips, and paste it on large sheets of paper so that it reads as a continuous "story."

To do this needs more acumen and quicker wits than most people would imagine—and the fact that the editor of one of London's foremost evening papers graduated from the tape-room is one instance of the ability that is often latent in the tape-room boy.

FACTS ABOUT BOXING SECONDS.

It is the way of the world that in any spectacle, whether it be a sporting or theatrical one, the attention of the onlooker is only given to the prime movers in it. As the horses flash past the post in a big race there are few who spare a thought for the judge, and as cheers go up in a crowded house for the doughty deeds of the hero, the strenuous work of the stage manager is forgotten.

In the same way, in a boxing contest, who among the spectators thinks of the seconds, those watchful and earnest workers whose efforts often are the prime factors in the turn of a fight?

There are certain rules which the seconds must observe, under severe penalties.

First of all, a second, though he may give all the advice he desires to his man in the interval between two rounds, must interfere neither by word nor deed while the fight is actually in progress. If he does, the referee is empowered to have him removed from the building.

Between the rounds, too, he may apply any kind of restorative, but to throw water on an unconscious boxer with the object of bringing him to his feet before the call of ten, is distinctly against the rules.

Strangely enough, however, this was done in a big contest in London recently; and for some reason or other, the referee raised no objection.

The seconds, of course, must be out of the ring during rounds, but their enthusiasm always leads them to stick close to the ropes, so close in fact that on more than one occasion a second has caught a faulty swing that was meant for the striker's opponent.



THE CURATE AND THE WORLD

A SKETCH.

By H. G. FORTNAM.

He was going home to his evening meal, but even about that he had no particular enthusiasm. Enthusiasm was a thing which was dropping away from him, very gradually but steadily.

That he should devote his life to religion was an idea which had been implanted in his mind by his mother when he was a boy. It had remained with him as a fixed idea.

At school and at the University he had been friendly with men who were going out into the world to make fortunes. He never despised them, for he was a philanthropist, and he knew that to do the world good one must understand the world.

But he had always felt that somewhere, deep within him, there was a fund of secret joy that they—these seekers for wealth—would never experience. And his secret joy was that he was working for God.

In the enthusiastic days of youth, it had not been difficult to remain enthusiastic, for hard fact had not come up against him, but now that he was a curate he had to do things that tried his patience and that made his enthusiasm waver.

On this particular evening he had been to see a sick woman, and the memory of the visit was satisfying, because he knew that, being thoroughly sympathetic with her, he had given her that encouragement which made the natural fight for good health easier to her, but that episode had been negated by a subsequent visit to a petulant and ill-tempered old maid.

His vicar had told him that he must call upon her, because she was an ardent church-woman, and because she subscribed liberally to church funds.

He always obeyed his vicar.

In the case of the sick woman, the curate was in his element; in the case of the old maid, he was out of it, and as he had visited her last, the impression resulting remained with him.

He was wondering whether he had not, after all, made a mistake. Would it not have been better for him to have taken his part in the world's work instead of standing aloof from it as he had been doing? That was the question he asked himself.

There came a rhythmical clang behind him, and three young men, going in the same direction, passed him.

They were Territorials, clad in all the grandeur of cavalry cloaks, and as they walked they were sending their heels hard upon the pavement in order to make their spurs ring, because they were proud of their spurs.

The curate watched them passing, and his eyes brightened. He hastened his own pace to get into step with them, and he found it difficult to get into step because he had never taken any interest in military matters, and getting into step is not an easy thing to the novice. He managed it at last, and he found it pleasant to set his feet down in the same way as they did.

They were chatting to each other and laughing, presumably at very little, and the



curate observed that many of the girls who met them looked round at them after they had passed.

They were fine young animals every one of the three of them, and the curate wondered whether they were right and he was wrong concerning the philosophy of life.

He left them at the tube station, but he thought about them all the time till he reached home, and hung up his hat and coat.

He thought about them while he was eating his meal, and the idea was borne in upon him that he had aimed at the wrong target, and that these young Territorials, each about the same age as him-

self, were doing in life what ought to be done, and that he was missing something in spite of his self-denial, and the sacrifices he had made.

There was some correspondence for him to deal with, a letter from the vicar and some others, and they brought him back to the calling he had chosen and to a feeling of resignation, but he was young and the manhood in him was not to be denied.

Even as he read the vicar's letter, there sounded in his ears the clash of the spurs of those three Territorials and the sound of their jests and laughter.

He persuaded himself that every one in this world had a definite work to do, and that he was doing his work just as they were doing theirs; yet theirs seemed to him so much more romantic and manly. He argued the matter with himself, and in the end he decided that he ought to know more of the world outside his own immediate province.

So he visited a cinematograph theatre that evening and took a ticket for the threepenny seats.

The people beside him, in front, and behind him were of the working classes, people with whom he had not previously come into intimate contact. For the most part it was a man and a woman every time—the young women dressed attractively and in excellent spirits, and the young men escorting them proud of the girls whom they were going to marry as soon as they had the necessary funds.

The film on the screen when the curate took his place was "The Slave of Carthage."

The first picture represented a slave-driver with some sort of whip, who indiscriminately lashed each slave who passed him by. Then came the picture of a female slave filling a pitcher at a well, and a cow-herd making love to her. Behind this couple appeared the slave-driver, and he advanced pugnaciously, with whip upraised.

"Now he's goin' to cop it!" remarked a young woman behind the curate.

The film so far had been very artistic, but art was shattered by a remark like that. But the loss of art was replaced by a little more knowledge of life.

The film went on. The female slave, condemned to death, was eventually rescued by her cow-herd lover, and the last picture showed the two of them in a boat, with the man kissing the girl.

The curate's feelings were worked up to a high pitch, for his sentiments were keen, and his heart was sore for the dangers that the girl had encountered, and glad at her

happy escape. But he was brought to earth again by the voice of a girl beside him, who remarked to the young man with her, "Naughty boy!"

The people beside him, and through them the world in general were becoming more and more interesting to the curate. His life was altruistic; theirs was definite and concentrated. They could enjoy here, in the middle of London, a simple little heaven of their own, while his life was one of self-sacrifice for something indefinite that was to come afterwards.

He stayed to the end of the show, and at length the piano played "God Save the King," and the curate was one of the few who removed their hats.

He went with the crowd out into the street, and he watched closely some of those who were walking in front of him. The girls were sufficiently attractive, and the young men with them, being of the working-classes, were muscular and pleasing to the eye. He felt that in some way they were superior to him. He had never had shoulders like these, and he never would have. How much had he been missing?

He was watching everything very closely now, for his mind was more alert than it had ever been during parochial tea-parties, and he noticed outside a public-house, a little girl of some seven years standing sobbing.

The young men and the girls in front of him glanced at the child, without making any inquiry or offering it any sympathy. Instinctively the curate stopped, asked the child what was the matter, learned that its father and mother were inside drinking, and that it had to wait there till they came out.

Further inquiries elicited the fact that the child was hungry, and a moment later the curate had bought three steaming hot potatoes from a gutter merchant opposite and had presented them to the child.

Her glee, as she put two of them in her pocket, and started to strip the skin off the third, brought the curate back to composure and contentment. He might, he reasoned with himself, have missed some things in life that other young men of his age were enjoying, but he possessed the instinct to comfort a little child whom these other young men had passed by, and possibly theirs might not be the happier life after all, for even in his own there were compensations.

The curate had seen a little more of the world that evening, but, fortunately for him, he had seen enough to bring him back to mental peace.

HUMOROUS MOMENTS IN SPORT.

When the back kicks too lustily at the ball, and splits his belt, causing a rapid descent on the part of his knickers.

When a scorching cyclist, racing behind a motor-car in order to be paced by it, is suddenly badly splashed as the result of the car passing through a puddle.

When an excited boxer breaks away from a clinch, swings wildly, and floors the referee, who had got into the ring to pull the other man off him.

When a North Country wrestler, well known for his bulk, who has lately taken up boxing, is advised by the spectators, during a bout with the gloves, to "Fall on 'im, lad! You'll finish 'im!"

When peppery Colonel Mashie is seen rushing wildly over the links after a sportive fox-terrier who has appropriated his last golf ball.

COMPLETE
SHORT STORY.

By J. F. GRANTHAM.

Henkenditch's Home Week

rich, but lackin' that which was the miner's encouragement as he worked, the miner's hope

"Talkin' about 'Auld Lang Syne' an' all that sort of thing," observed old Henry, of Henkenditch, to the young commercial traveller in the Market Cross Arms, "we bain't a-goan to have no more home-weeks to Henkenditch."

"Some o' them there chaps what read t' Lunnun papers in the Gamecock Inn said as how they was goan to have high times in Leecestershire, all the people what was scattered about bein' a comin' hoom an' so on."

"An' so young Bob Tunks—you must all know young Bob, anyway, I ha' know'd him this fifta year nigh on, an' allus found him a very pushful sort o' young feller—so young Bob Tunks gets a notice 'serted in the papers (an' says 'foreign papers, please copy') to the effect that we had fixed a certain week for Henkenditch's Home Week, an', furthermore, that Henkenditch, as a parish, extended on that date the hand o' friendship to its sons an' darters, an' all what was bred or brought up at Henkenditch."

"We was full o' good fellership, we was, the night we drafted the notice. We 'sisted in puttin' in 'and this includes all the Faxleys un' the Wimbellays and the Bendlers—knowin' full well as we did that brazen-faced as all them three families be, they'd never dare to show their physogs inside Henkenditch without a rigiment o' soldiers to guard 'em. The bit we put in, y' see, made the rigiment not needful. All three families ha' robbed everybody in Henkenditch, an' they were of the sort that 'ud rob a work'us man of his breakfas' an' then knock him down cause he wouldn't give 'em his dinner."

"Anyway, the time come along an', sure 'nuff, 'way come cart-loads o' Old Henkenditchers, some bringin' sons, some darters, some sweethearts, some wives, an'—an' all sorts o' things. An' the clerk o' the parish, he calls the roll over from the Abbleby's—wot have been pork-butchers in the village from time immemorial—to the Zacky's, oo've cobbled all the shoes an' butes o' Henkenditch as long as shoes an' butes ha' bin worn. Called 'em all over, he did, and not a single answer did he get to the names o' Faxley, Wimbelay, or Bendler. There was representatives o' every other known family in the parish register o' Henkenditch, but no one answered to the three names."

"But presently, just as we be goin' to sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' by way o' inauguratin' all this 'ere clannishness, there drives into the east side o' the common a yaller trap all so gay, drawn by a spankin' chestnut what was steppin' it out somethin' real bootiful to see."

"Hold on a shake," says some 'un. "This likely'll be 'em."

"And at that the crowd gives a s'castic laugh wot makes Parson Quayle look down his nose an' say as how all bitterness has been put away for that 'casion and how, if it was accredited representatives o' either o' the families there was no call for them to raise their voices in spiteful laughter."

"Sure 'nuff the trap pulls up. Three cheery voices yells out as they hopes they ain't late for the banquet, and, flourishin' their birth certificates, out they jump."

"Name?" says the Parish Clerk very solemn.

"Faxley," says one.

"Wimbelay," says another.

"Bendler," says the third.

"Yes—an' alas! you remember our fathers, if you don't remember us," says young Faxley, turnin' up his eyes like a saint in a snow-storm."

"Which was right enough. In some cases it was money, in others fowls or sharp practice o' some sort. But, oh yes! we remembered their fathers right enow."



"But for all their belongin' to the three most infamous names in all Henkenditch, yet it was funny to see 'em all turn up together."

"And didn't they look swells, too! They fair took the eyes out o' all the other young fellers in the village, an' 'tis shameful to say that our maids give 'em the fetchin' look wot they denied to the other boys. Check waistcoats they 'ad, wunnerful caps, and ridin' breeches cut like a fat 'ooman's legs comin' in with a half-circle sweep to the side o' the knee; their boots you could see y'r face in. an' such small but shapeful leggin's as was theirn 'ad never bin sin in Henkenditch since the days o' the young Squire wot ran off with the governess at the Hall Farm."

"Well, we all sits down together and goes in honest for the roast bullocks, an' all the other things which we was told made Leecester look very small beer. Pasties we 'ad, an' the three varmint plices a half-hearted sort o' knife an' fork wot made it only too plain that wot was on their consciences was hinderin' the cravin' o' their inwards."

"When we was all, as you might say, weighed down to our seats wi' the process o' digestion o' the good things, the speech-makin' starts. Parson says as he's glad to see everybody—all the sheep, as he puts it, in the home-fold."

"An' when he'd done slarverin', up jumps young Wimbelay, who was the speech-maker o' the party, an' says as how he fears they represent the black sheep o' the flock."

"He went on whinin' a bit about that, and brought in the part about the sins o' the fathers bein' wisited on the children, and how they feared they bore names that were far from honoured in Henkenditch. 'No, no,' says a lot, takin' a charitable view o' past happenin's, like any man will when swelled under his waistcoat."

"However, he asks 'em to think o' what he called the eternal snows of Alaska, an' then to picture in the village o' Klondyke three young fellers—outcasts from their own homes because o' the sins o' their fathers—suddenly meetin' an' comparin' notes, only to find as 'ow they was all at the same dear old village school, attended the same old ivy-covered church, an' listened to the same old parson a-preachin' on Sundays. Well, this bein' the case, he went on to tell us as how they staked out the same claim together, struck lucky all in one day, an', arter a lot of excitin' adventures, arrived home to dear old England,

as he sat in his lonely log-hut, the miner's dream when he slumbered. Home! . . . No home—until they saw that thrice blessed notice in the paper!

"Before he'd finished there warn't a woman what wasn't hiccuppin' wi' grief, an' not a man wot wasn't lookin' at the third button o' his waistcoat, if he could see as far."

"Wimbelay sits down wi' not anyone sayin' a word. Men was coughin' to cover their feelin's, an' women had hankerschers to their eyes."

"Pore young fellers!" says everybody. "Poor young fellers!"

"Arter that there was more yarnin' on the part of all the home-weekers, and everyone was pleased to see everyone else, especially the three young fellers wot had returned to the fold."

"Well, the last one to jump up was the old Parson, lookin' as pleased as Punch an' wavin' three cheques o' no less than five 'undred pounds apiece for the alterations, additions, an' back debts o' the church an' the schools. An' each cheque was signed respectively—Faxley, Wimbelay, and Bendler!"

"Also, there was young Bob Tunks hoppin' about like a cock-sparrow in the breedin' season, 'cause these young fellers had put up all the money for the afternoon's Home-Week Grand Sports, doubled the prizes, an', moreover, promised 'em a novel race, such as the Klondyke miners took part in in the coldest weather, so as to keep 'emselvs warm. The details o' that race, they said, they was goin' to keep secret until the event came on, an' they got it put down at the sixth on the programme."

"Well, all the lads o' the village went in for the first five events, an' there was some lightnin' sprintin' an' some powerful throwin' o' the 'ammer. But everyone was agog for this 'ere Klondyke race, an' when they tolls the bell for the sixth event, young Wimbelay steps on top o' a box an' says as how it's a race for everybody—every man and woman on the field—an' that him an' his pals would have the greatest o' playure in presentin' three prizes o' three pound, two pound, an' one pound respective. What they 'ad to do was each o' 'em to put some distinctive article o' value in a small sack, and then they 'ad to run round the common once. In charge o' the sack would be an independent man who knew nothin' as to whom the vallybles belonged, an' as they came up each was to be handed one article. The first man or lady home what was handed his or her own property to be declared the winner. Thus everyone had a chance."

"Well, three puns, an' two puns, an' one puns doan't grow on gooseberry bushes, so even the ladies went in for it an', while young Bendler stood by blindfolded, young Faxley stood at the receipt o' custom, as you might say, takin' in chains, an' watches, an' rings, an' brooches, as fast as a Whitechapel pawnbroker on Saturday."

"When all was ready, young Bendler was unblindfolded an' handed the sack. Then pop goes the pistol, an' they all ambles off, young an' old an' everyone else, as quick as they could—'cause the quicker they got round the more chance they had o' gettin' another go for their vallybles afore their neighbour got round agin, see?"

"Well, those what didn't go in for it was so interested that they kep' their eyes glued on the runners an' took no count o' the three pore young fellers."

"In the middle o' the race up runs young Bendler to Bob Tunks, an' asks him if he'll mind takin' his place with the sack, as he thinks he'd like to run round with 'em—an' it's a bit of a sweep round that Common, I



can tell you. Bob says sartinly he will; an' goes up to the table wot the sack is on, starlin' there like the Lor' Mayor on the point o' presentin' the cup to the winners of a foot-ball match at the Crystal Palace.

"Well, arter a time, some old feller comes up puffin' and blowin' an' Bob dives his hand into the sack.

"'This yours, sir?' he says—an' pulls out a small mug. 'No,' says the old 'un, an' runs on agin, very depressed.

"Soon up comes another.

"'This yours, ma'am?' says Bob Tunks—an' it was another mug.

"Well, arter the third an' the fourth 'ad each said 'No' to mugs, young Bob, who always was a very sharp sort o' feller, begins to wonder if there's anything wrong.

"So he tips up the sack, an', sure enough, there was nothin' inside, but so many little mugs.

"Last to come out was a bit o' paper, on which was writ:

"THAT'S WHAT YOU ALL ARE!"

"It was signed 'Faxley, Wimbelay, and Bendler, Practical Socialists.'

"Arter we'd wondered for half an hour wherever them young fellers had got to, young Bob says that he reckons they'm runned off with the vallybles. And I reckon they did—cause we h'an't sin 'em since.

"But do you know, boy, I came to the conclusion this mornin' as there was more an' met the eye on that bit o' paper. It was intended to mean that we was all mugs, see? But I ain't goan to let on about that to Bob Tunks. He'm too clever by half, is young Bob. It was all his idea about the Home Week—but we ain't goin' to have another Home Week to Henkenditch, they say."

LONDON'S EATING HOUSES.

WHEN SHALL WE HAVE THE IDEAL?

Foremost among the difficulties which confront the City or town worker of not unlimited means comes the question of the choice of a suitable luncheon saloon.

London boasts of many catering combines, but none of them can possibly claim to satisfy pocket, comfort, and hunger.

The caterers able to satisfy the last two requirements never suit the first, while houses which can really be said to suit one's pocket are only visited on those melancholy occasions when, driven by hunger and a none-too-well-filled purse, a man is forced to patronise the atmosphere of steam and cookery fumes.

In the City there are a few establishments where a square meal is obtainable at moderate cost, but here the seating accommodation is bad and a dozen or so hat pegs are provided for the convenience of about fifty customers—and the inconvenience of those seated in the immediate vicinity of the hanging overcoats and falling bowlers.

One firm of London caterers, once at the top of the trade, are rapidly losing hold on the customers whose patronage they still retain.

Their failure is partly due to a long-cherished habit of serving cold food on hot plates and *vice versa*, but I believe that their decline has been mainly brought about by the waitresses who, never by any chance wearing clean collar and cuffs, perspire at every pore and breathe heavily upon the already none-too-appetising food.

There is yet another aspect of the question of London's eating houses which is worthy of consideration. It is a strange fact that while the girls are paid little above starvation wage—and we talk of immorality—the dividends of certain companies are

swollen almost to the bursting point.



WRITING FOR PAPERS.

SOME HINTS BY THE EDITOR.

I am so frequently asked for my advice by those who desire to write for the various papers, but who don't quite know how to set about it, that I venture to think that these few comments may be of interest to many of my readers.

The bulk of the matter published in the periodical press is written by professional journalists, but a fair proportion of it is the work of those who, in a sense, may be called amateurs, for they do not depend wholly upon journalism for a living, but merely use it as a sort of spare time employment, and that way of regarding journalism, at least for the beginner, is a very sensible one.

Somebody has said that journalism is an excellent walking-stick but a very poor crutch, and there is much of truth in that view of it.

One thing which appears to perplex the journalistic novice is the matter of getting a start, and the notion has somehow or another got about that all will be well if he can secure an editor's special consideration. The idea is fallacious. In these days of keen competition no editor of a successful paper can afford to accept matter that is not in every way suitable, even if it happens to be the work of a personal friend.

INTERVIEWS.

I am well aware of the fact that in many offices the editor is not to be seen by the casual visitor, but I have always made it my own practice to see everybody who calls on me, and because of this rule I have to receive each day a number of budding journalists, who ask me whether I am prepared to consider an article on this subject or on that. They are most particular to ascertain whether I have received the card which they gave to my secretary, and which bore their name and address.

The thing happens so often that I have fallen into a sort of stock reply, which is that I am happy to consider any article on any subject, provided that it is sufficiently interesting, that I commission no work whatsoever, but reserve the right to reject the work of any contributor if it is not up to the mark, and that it is impossible for me to say whether an article is good or not till I have seen it.

These interviews last for about half a minute each, and at the end of them I always wonder what chance a man is likely to have in journalism if he is so stupid as to suppose that the mere fact of calling upon an editor and asking him a few silly questions is likely to influence that editor to purchase his work.

HUMOROUS "RECOMMENDATIONS."

I do not know whether you will believe me, but nevertheless it is a fact when I say that some people have sent manuscripts to me marked "personal," and with my own name on the envelope, and accompanied by a letter saying that they were advised to submit the article or the story to me by Mr. So-and-So, with whose services I had been obliged to dispense some time ago, because he was incompetent.

An introduction from a dismissed employee must be somewhere near the limit. Possibly the introducer managed to borrow money on the strength of his supposed influence, but, be that as it may, it goes to show how gullible are many of those who desire to write for the papers.

I may say at once that my experience of journalism is wide, first as the producer of a fortnightly magazine at school, then as a free-lance, subsequently as the editor of the

magazine of my Alma Mater, with more free-lancing, then as sub-editor on the Pearson, Harmsworth, and other publications, and, finally, as Editor of this paper.

I mention this, because in some of the things that I have said and am going to say, you might think that I was speaking from the point of view of this office only, and that other editors held different views from mine. They do in many respects, but in the matter of influence they most certainly do not, and no editor within my knowledge cares a penny-piece whether a manuscript is the work of his own dear grandmother or of his worst enemy, provided it is good stuff.

Possibly the desire to obtain introductions is due to some extent to the fear that without something of this kind the manuscript will not be read at all. That, again, is a fallacy in most cases.

EVERYTHING IS READ.

There are some magazines which I could name, if it were not that I endeavour to avoid actions for libel, which fill their pages with matter sent to them by the various big literary agencies, and which do not consider anything sent in by casual contributors; but the majority of the monthly magazines, and practically all the weekly papers, are most particular that all the manuscripts sent to them shall be carefully read.

Owing to the number of manuscripts sent to this office, it is impossible for me to read them all myself, but everything delivered to us is gone through by a competent reader, and if a contribution has a spark of merit in it, it will reach me for the final verdict.

The majority of editors work on the same lines. The merit of the contribution is the one and only introduction that counts for anything.

FINDING A SUBJECT.

The subject-matter about which to write puzzles most novices. Those with the genuine journalistic instinct usually ascertain the nature of the stories and articles which a periodical is in the habit of printing, and then do something on similar lines, but better. To turn out something similar to what has appeared, but without being better, is a fatal mistake. An editor could have an article or a story paraphrased by a hack-writer for next to nothing, and he is not going to buy that sort of thing. He wants something in his own line, and something with quality.

What you are going to write about depends on how seriously you take the profession of free-lancing. You may be in a trade connected with which there are certain interesting facts that can be exploited, but that is not a source upon which you can draw for very long. If such, however, be your circumstances, express these facts as briefly and as intelligibly as possible, and send them to a paper that deals with such matters.

Probably if you have taken the trouble to read this article so far, you are interested in journalism in a more general way, and it is the journalist who sees points of interest, not in his own business only but in all the life around him, who makes money. Whether you can do so depends altogether upon your literary ability.

EVERYONE THINKS HE CAN WRITE.

It is a most unfortunate thing that inability in journalism, though it is detected at once by a competent critic, is not readily understood by the person chiefly concerned. The man who cannot draw, realises the fact as soon as he puts pencil to paper; the man who cannot sing, does not usually attempt to

do so; but nothing will convince a man who cannot write that he cannot write.

On the other hand, literary—or at least, journalistic—talent is latent in many people, and it is to some extent with a view to drawing it out, that I am dictating these lines.

Style in writing is a thing that worries the novice tremendously, and usually he makes the error of writing in a "grand" manner.

STYLE AND SWANK.

A man who has not been very well brought up, and who has learned good manners with much trouble, is offensively well-mannered; his behaviour may be unimpeachable, but you remain conscious at all times of the fact that his manners are good. In the case of a man who has been accustomed from birth to meeting well-mannered people, on the other hand, you never think that he is well-mannered but merely that he is kind and courteous. The difference is that in the one case the manners have not been thoroughly absorbed, and that in the other case they have been absorbed, and have become part of the character.

I give this illustration because it is precisely the same with literary style. So far as my experience goes, the man who has read widely and who has studied the art of literary composition and criticism, expresses his thoughts in writing in the simplest words. It is only the young reporter on the country newspaper who searches the dictionary for long words, and whose half column of matter conveys not more than one slight thought.

There is not very much to be said beyond that regarding literary style. It is to be presumed that anyone desiring to make money in the journalistic world has already studied the best books on English grammar and on English composition. If he has done so, all that remains for him is to set down his thoughts concisely, and in a way that can be understood by everybody.

HAVING SOMETHING TO SAY.

It is the finding of the necessary thoughts that gives trouble to most people, unless they have in them the journalistic instinct strongly developed.

An ordinary man will walk along a country road, and have at the end of the walk the solitary impression that it was very dirty; an Easton-Grey will traverse the same road, and will produce one of the articles that have made his name familiar to most readers of this paper; he will see the bark of the trees shining wet with the rain, he will notice the mist behind them, and the river beyond that, but these things are unobserved by the person who lacks this gift.

It is the same with life. Mr. A. G. Storm and Mr. C. Wolff observe the details of ordinary everyday life that pass unnoticed by most other people, and their observation of these things enables them to produce interesting articles.

When I was at school, I once made a pilgrimage to the office of the editor of a small weekly paper which was published locally, and the circulation of which must have been very small.

LEARNING THE BUSINESS.

I offered to write for him free of charge, provided he would favour me by correcting all my manuscripts in detail, and by telling me the reason for each correction. To this he agreed, and I got much valuable information from him.

My English master explained why certain expressions were incorrect, but the editor of this local newspaper went further and explained to me why certain matters should be avoided, why the public taste had wearied of certain others, and why others had to be left alone for commercial reasons.

I recommend those who have journalistic leanings of a serious nature to follow a similar scheme.

THE EDITOR.

COCK AND HEN SHOWS



SIDELIGHTS ON A GROWING SOCIAL TENDENCY OF MODERN TIMES.

To the man who is a student of human nature there is nothing more clearly evident than that a seeking after mild sexual excitement is one of the greatest characteristics of modern social life.

Promoters of any kind of entertainment are more fully aware of this

than most people, and a consideration of the nature of their shows will demonstrate that they exploit the tendency to the utmost.

In a word, for any entertainment or gathering of miscellaneous society to be a success nowadays, it must come under the category of "cock and hen shows," a frankly vernacular expression, but a distinctly explicit one.

Any form of entertainment where the fluttering hen can preen her feathers happily in close companionship with the majestic chantecleer, "the cock of the walk," finds the greatest patronage at the present time.

FLIRTATIONS: HARMLESS AND OTHERWISE.

Consider, as an instance, the popularity of the hardy annual exhibitions that are held in London. Will anybody for a moment suggest that the thousands of people go there to see the "exhibits"—pieces of auriferous rock from Klondike or scientifically designated sections of Transatlantic cable?

No, they go there to make fortuitous temporary acquaintanceships with members of the other sex, and to enjoy short flirtations—quite harmless—in secluded places, while bands play and fountains tinkle at a convenient distance off.

At the present time hundreds of skating-rinks all over the country are claiming a wide patronage, and certain aspects of this particular pastime have already been dealt with in this paper. But in the connection under discussion rinks form another clear case in point. They are places where acquaintanceships may be readily made without the formality of an introduction—acquaintanceships which, under the influence of alluring music, a darkened building and weirdly flashing effects of red and blue limelight, quickly ripen into a mildly intimate character.

WHY RINKERS ARE POPULAR.

At most skating-rinks there are instructors whose duty it is to teach the art of roller-skating to all who may desire to learn.

These instructors are, as a rule, young men, chosen, not only for their muscular development—for teaching this pastime all day long demands endurance—but also for their good looks.

It is surprising how many of their pupils are ladies who would be vulgarly described as old maids.

Ask yourself, reader, whether—if a separate rink were set apart for each of the opposite sexes—men and women, especially the latter, would go to them with the enthusiasm they display at present?

The obvious negative answer is a sufficient endorsement of my contention.

But it is not only among the younger and more frivolous section of the community that the "cock and hen show" exercises its attraction.

In another direction—and a hitherto unsuspected one—its hold is equally, if not more, evident.

I am speaking of highly respectable functions—bazaars, organised for charitable purposes by the congregations of churches or chapels, tea-parties got up

by the vicar of the parish, gatherings in the church or chapel to decorate it for different religious festivals—and so on.

CHURCH BAZAARS.

While we entertain the highest regard—as does every right-minded man, however little religion he may outwardly show—for earnest church workers, we are bound to assert that among the great majority of congregations there are many people, of both sexes, who derive intense secret enjoyment from the mild excitement which they find in the mingling of the sexes at such functions.

The attentions paid by the males on such occasions to elderly spinsters, widows, and even married women, cause a considerable harmless fluttering in the latter's susceptible hearts.

To sum up these few remarks, there is a great outcry among a large section of the community against such places as a West End music-hall promenade—but all over the country there are milder and perhaps harmless forms of them to be found at such "cock and hen shows" as I have described.

DAVID COOPER.

THE ELDER BRETHREN.

Exactly when Trinity House came into existence is doubtful, but it was already an important body in 1514 when Henry VIII. granted it a charter.

Since then Trinity House has been entrusted with all matters relating to the erection and maintenance of lighthouses and other marks and signs of the sea, buoys, beacons, and so on.

Trinity House also appoints assessors to attend at the Admiralty Courts and advises the Board of Trade on nautical matters.

There are thirteen Acting Elder Brethren (clearly Trinity House, unlike most sailors, is not superstitious), two being chosen from the Royal Navy, the remaining eleven from the Merchant Service.

There are also eleven Honorary Elder Brethren, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Asquith.

As Prince of Wales, the King was Master of the Elder Brethren.

The Corporation levies light dues on all ships entering and leaving British ports, and from this source derives an income of about £300,000 per annum, which is expended on lighthouses, &c.

The Elder Brethren also administer certain trusts left by lucky mariners for the benefit of their less fortunate comrades. To be elected an "Elder Brother" is the greatest honour that can fall to the lot of a sailor.





BESETTING SINS IN SPORT

HUMAN FRAILTIES THAT CANNOT BE CURED.

One of these days I shall have a ring put through my nose, after the manner of certain savage tribes. To this ring will be attached a stout chain, the other end of which will be fastened to my top waistcoat button.

Then and then only shall I be able to get rid of my besetting sin, at golf, of lifting my head the moment I strike the ball, to see where it has gone to.

Even the golfing novice knows the importance of keeping his eye on the ball from the moment he addresses it, but he does not realise that it is equally important to keep his eye on the ball after it is no longer there.

That sounds like a regular "bull," but what I mean is that the success of a stroke depends largely on keeping your eyes fixed on the spot where the ball was, after it has gone.

A GOLPING HABIT.

I am not a novice; I know that the consequences of looking up either at or immediately after the moment of striking are disastrous; I know that if I keep my head down I shall be rewarded by a clean, straight shot, and that if I look up I shall slice, top, or in one way or another hopelessly spoil the shot.

Nevertheless, time after time I succumb to the temptation to lift my head too soon. Why? Because I am a silly fool? Maybe, but I think frailties of this kind have a deeper and a psychological interest.

I am not alone in the bad habit I have described. Hundreds of golfers suffer from it, and curse themselves day after day.

There are other common besetting sins at golf. "Pressing" is one of them. You are said to "press" when you try to make extra long shots or to put extra force into one. A man often "presses" when things are going against him.

INCURABLE

The other day I was playing with a man who at almost every shot spoke to himself in these terms—quite unconsciously, I believe—"Now, don't press. Don't press, you (blooming) fool, don't press. Slow back, and keep your eye on the ball." Yet "press" he did, and the things he said about himself won't bear repeating.

It is really very curious; one knows that one is going to do something foolish, and one does it. You will find the same human frailty in other sports and games.

Take racing. From first to last it is dinned into the embryo-jockey that he must never look round to see what the others are doing.

But is it only apprentices who throw away races by looking round to see how much they are winning by? Of course, it isn't. Great jockeys have often turned victory into defeat by succumbing to the temptation to look round.

They could kick themselves for their foolishness, but sooner or later they will do it again.

At cricket there are many besetting sins. Indeed, so far as modern batting is concerned, it is permeated by the "besetting sin" of the crooked bat.

COALIES AND THEIR FAULTS.

But to give a particular instance. Robert Abel's besetting sin was a fondness for "nibbling" at fast, rising, off balls. He well knew the danger he ran of being caught in the slips; he knew that bowlers were aware of his weakness, and played, or, rather, bowled, up to it. Yet to the end of his great career Abel could seldom resist this particular temptation.

Then there are players who will step in front to straight ones, and try to turn them to leg. All very well if you are a Ranjitsinji, but a besetting sin fraught with disaster to less gifted players. Captaincy in cricket consists largely in finding out the "besetting sins" of opposing batsmen and "feeding" them.

The commonest weaknesses of Association goalkeepers are carrying the ball, and leaving their goal.

There is one goalkeeper in League football who, were he not such a great player in other respects, would certainly be dropped for his habit of carrying the ball, while another famous goalie often mars otherwise brilliant performances by needlessly leaving his goal.

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.

At billiards, as at golf, a common "besetting sin" is pressing, trying to do something extra with the result that you do much less than if you were satisfied with more modest aims. Personally, I often put side on a stroke when I know it is unnecessary and that it merely makes the stroke unduly difficult.

At rifle shooting there is a great temptation to jerk the trigger when pulling it instead of pressing it, while again as at golf the rifle shot often spoils himself by looking up to see what he has scored before the bullet has fairly left the barrel.

Rowing men frequently suffer from the fatal habit of "snatching" at the water at the beginning of a stroke, or of not pulling the stroke right through.

A besetting sin at riding is holding on by the reins, more especially when jumping. Many otherwise good riders jerk at their horse's

mouth in the middle of a jump, thus greatly increasing the chances of a fall.

One leading lawn-tennis player lacks championship honours because he cannot conquer his besetting sin of running up to the net without reasonable chance of success in doing so.

The list might easily be increased, but the point is that these sinners are not novices. They know their faults and the consequences thereof. And yet they give way to them. Why? Well, as I said at the beginning, it seems to be rather an interesting psychological problem. Perhaps someone can supply the answer?

HERBERT PHILLIPS.

HUMOURS OF THE RINK.

TOLD BY THE CHIEF INSTRUCTOR OF A WEST-END RINK.

There can be few men who see more phases of human nature in a short space of time than the instructor at a big and busy rink; and, luckily for us, the predominating phase is a humorous one. A hard-worked rink-instructor is compensated for his labours by many an amusing incident or remark.

These are, as you may well imagine, furnished to us chiefly by ladies. The fair sex, though, strangely enough, it produces a greater number of really good skaters than the sterner, is nevertheless much more fussy and timid at the beginning of a course of lessons. Consequently you need a great deal of diplomacy to succeed as an instructor.

For instance, a very nervous lady came to me for lessons, and seeing her absolute state of "funk," I puzzled my brains for some means of reassuring her.

"Oh do you think I shall fall, instructor?" she kept on quavering until, at last, an idea struck me.

"Can you work a sewing machine, madam?" I asked; and she said that she could.

"Then you will learn to skate quickly," I said, and that decided her. She was one of my aptest pupils.

On our rink we make a speciality of two-step dancing; and a lady once rather amused me by asking me to get her a pair of "two-step skates."

I went to the skate-house and got her an ordinary pair, with which, of course, she was completely satisfied.

But the most fussy, and at the same time the most unpromising, pupil is the man who is sure he will need no instruction at all.

He is an all-round athlete, has taken his Blue for Rugger at So-and-So University, and he doesn't see why he shouldn't make short work of this damn thing.

One of these gentry once negotiated the descent on skates of a toboggan slide which forms a feature of my rink, and for which no charge is made. Just at the bottom he came a purler and managed to black both his eyes. Whereat he set up a woeful wailing.

One of my queerest pupils was a lady, who displayed great keenness and desire for knowledge in the art of skating.

"What must I do to learn quickly?" she asked; and I replied that chiefly she must bend her knees and relax her muscles.

But during the lesson she continually electrified me by whispering—and at times exclaiming aloud, to the amusement of the other rinkers:

"I must bend my knees! I must relax my muscles! I must bend my knees . . ."

By the way, reader, if you are of short stature, console yourself with the thought that you would learn to skate quickly and well. Tall, thin people are difficult to teach; while short stoutish people are the aptest pupils.

Also the tall man has farther to fall.

H. M. BROWN.

A YEOMANRY YARN.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S BATTLE

In the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth, Trooper Kernahan, cheery anticipation on his face, smoked a favourite briar.

It was afternoon, Brermouth's half-day, and out of the big window there threatened the bad weather that afflicts so many towns' half-days. For all that, Kernahan seemed in the very happiest frame of mind.

The steward of the club looked in, rubbing his hands.

"Cold, Mr. Kernahan," he said. "Nuff to freeze the vine-leaves off the candelabra, ain't it?"

"Beautiful!" commented Kernahan.

Trooper Alexander, his guest that weekend, flung open the door.

"What heresy!" he observed. "Our little ride is done in, Kernahan, my buck!"

"Ay, ay, Skipper!" Kernahan broke from nautical into equine chatter. "It ain't the 'untin' wot 'urts the 'orses!" he quoted. "It's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road!"

"As you say. Well, so there's no promise of sport, I suppose, unless I let you boys relieve me of a few odd coppers at snooker-pool?"

"Oh, isn't there? I've just seen Stephen. The Regular Army's no end perturbed over us. In addition—" Kernahan dropped his left eyelid—"their footer match has been scratched by the away team."

"I see," said Alexander, with interest. "So there are a hundred hefty Royal Artillery-men with all the afternoon on their hands—"

"And a grievance over the fact that that obsolete Tugela gun has been sent to us—"

"But it's to spread the light in our invisible Machine Gun Section, I understand."

"Exactly. It's less obsolete than the thing they've got. Their idea, my dear man, is that it's been sent us for empty honour. The Royal Artillery take it as a slight on themselves. Always huntin' for empty honours—that lot," said Kernahan.

He paused.

"And now"—he nodded to the sky—"I'm hoping. I'm like Oliver Twist. I want some more."

"The snow's thinly laid as it is. Look at my boots."

"Yes Hullo, Stephen, hullo, Carteret! How are you, Hall, and all the rest of you?"

"Kill him for execrable punning," someone suggested.

"Quite unintentional, I swear!"

The flow of Yeomen through the door continued. They were most of them somewhat glum. Their afternoon's weekly ride-out had been spoilt by Jack Frost. The mews that supplied the hacks had been eloquently adamant, and sent them, mountless, away. Kernahan called out above the buzz of conversation, and the orders for drink.

"Men who've passed by the barracks—two paces to the front, mar-r-ch!" he cried, cheerily.

Two recruits came forward eagerly. It was something to be asked for by Trooper Kernahan.

"Well," he said, "seen any of the Regular Army?"

"Yes, dozens," said a youngster, blushing furiously. "All standing outside the orderly room."

"Hope you behaved yourselves like good little boys," said Kernahan.

"We did. They yelled out: 'Give our love to the Pop-gunners, and ask 'em how they're off for corks?' We—"

"We said nothing," said the second recruit.

"Quite right. You'll make tacticians of



no mean description. If, on reconnoitring, the opposing force is seen to be far superior in numbers you should retire."

"Talks like a book, doesn't he?" said Alexander. "Fall out, youngsters—and stick to beer. Whisky's liverish."

Kernahan left the throng and went to the window again. The dark clouds were banking up over the roof-tops.

"Here she comes!" he called out joyously at last. "Gentlemen, drink to the old lady who's plucking the feathers up top!"

Outside the snow was coming down, in the whole-hearted, thick-flaked fashion that betokened four inches of snow at the very least.

"That's all serene!" said Kernahan with satisfaction, and accepted one of the tankards offered him.

"Good health, boys—and it's odds we may have some good sport this afternoon, after all!"

He sat down in a wicker chair that was reputed to have served Rajahs in India, and possessed himself in patience.

Half-an-hour later three be-cloaked Yeomen came in, their headgear awry.

"Hallo, what's up!" came the chorus.

"Tell you in a minute," said one testily, producing a handkerchief. "Let me get this snowball out of my neck before it melts."

The two others were for a space similarly employed.

"The blightin' Tommy Atkinases set on us!" said the first speaker.

"Yes, we got enough to blind a regiment!"

"They aren't half in force—"

"I'll wager," Kernahan began, "that—"

A soft blow and a rattling of the big window broke through his sentence. The caked remains of a snowball stuck on the glass.

"Hoo-ray!" Kernahan cried. "Now, then, boys, get into cover while I reconnoitre. It's an act of war!"

The company at large sought the cover of the billiard-room.

"It's only a skirmishing party," Kernahan announced to them a few moments later.

"Our line, boys, is to get out of this by the back door."

"Why not capture the outpost?" someone suggested.

"And thus show we're in force? Willie, you surprise—you pain me. 'Pon my soul you do!"

Kernahan marshalled his aides in the billiard-room, while Carteret, master of a flow of rhetoric, went and annoyed the besiegers by

addressing them from the window. He was to be left in charge of half a dozen recruits to report on any further attacks, while the rest were, under that good general, Kernahan, and his staff of the Tenth Legion, to make an attack by devious directions on the barracks themselves.

They retired in order, some sixty strong, as their numbers became augmented by new arrivals. And with the stealth of Pathans, they took by devious routes the various roads leading to the Barracks that stood on the outskirts of the wind-swept town of Brermouth.

Behind the cover of the adjacent gas-works they made rendezvous and held council of war.

Now there are two approaches to the barracks of the Royal Artillery stationed at Brermouth. One may go by the Landguard Fort, where the eight big seaward guns are mounted, or there is the direct way by the barrack gates.

By the gas-works Trooper Kernahan kicked the snow off his boots, as a scout returned to report that the enemy were in considerable force in the barrack yard.

"Well, what's the move?" was the general query.

"Twenty of you will make a feint on the Landguard Fort. Hall—Stephen. Off you go!"

They went off at the double over the soft powdery white.

Five minutes later the scouts reported that the gallant twenty were well to work, and Kernahan proceeded to develop his real attack.

With the B Squadron yell, forty of them dashed for the barrack gates, and before the surprised defenders knew of it, ten were through the gates into the barrack yard.

But they were driven back with a right good will. "Whatever may be said of their gun-practice," observed Kernahan, detaching the component parts of a snowball from his ear; "they *can* send these things whizzing!"

They conducted an orderly retreat while the forces of the enemy came to the front in close order. For ten minutes there was a ceaseless volleying in the air.

At the word from Kernahan his men disposed themselves into open formation, and then came a sudden cessation on the part of the enemy.

"Damn!" said the sentry, who as a non-combatant had been allowed to go scatheless in his box. "It's the Colonel, you men! You'd better shoot off—buzz—dismiss!"

The Colonel, a white-moustached, red-faced sportsman, waved his stick and took up a position in cover by the barrack gates.

"Continue the practice, men," he called out, cheerily. "Only mind—no hand to hand fighting."

"'Gainst the principles of present-day warfare, sir!" Kernahan called out respectfully, and the fight proceeded again, the gallant twenty harassing their flanks inside the barrack yard itself.

In the midst of the fighting, it was Carteret, white-clad and breathless, who ran up to Kernahan.

"Have they—by gosh!" said Kernahan.

"Yes, twenty of 'em flung open the big doors, and even now they're dragging the gun in triumph this way. Look, here they are!"

Amid much laughter and cheering, twenty men of the Royal Artillery turned the corner in the clearing in front of the barrack gates, pulling by its stout hempen ropes the Tugela field gun.

They were half blinded promptly by the fusillade that received them, and above all

could be heard the voice of the Colonel in his broad Irish.

"Go it, ye dayvils. I'll umpire! I'll umpire!"

"Rescue the Landguard Fort, men!" called Kernahan. "Rescue the gun!"

The barrack-yard garrison were considerably thinned, and now dropping over the high barrack wall (and thanking heaven for a soft, if snowy, falling-place) came all that had not been ruled out as prisoners of war by the Colonel.

"The gun! the gun!" was the cry, and now sixty were battling around its khaki-painted sides.

"Come on, the old K. O.!"

Sergeant-Major Brighton, who turned up from heaven or somewhere in the clouds, was suddenly seen in the fore-front of the fray. And to his call the white ammunition flew gun-wards.

"All together! All together!"

It formed itself into ordered volleying, which even in a snow-fight is ten times more telling than independent firing.

As on parade the men of the King's Own were lined-up, and in front of those lines, under cover of their fire, crept half the men of the Tenth Legion, while others, taking a back road, came out suddenly and delivered a fierce attack on the other side.

In addition, down came the thickest kind of blinding snow. And Trooper Kernahan, creeping on, blessed the heavens.

Even the men at the gun's ropes, seeing the urgency of the situation, had relinquished their ropes and were volleying with their comrades.

Suddenly there was a loud "Hurrah!" behind them.

And above all rang out the call of the Tenth Legion on a trumpet of an aide of Kernahan's—the squadron's official trumpeter.

Then it was that those men of the Royal Artillery, half-blinded by the driving snow-storm, and bewildered by the ceaseless, accurate volleys that clogged their eyes and dripped down their necks, had a sudden surprise.

There was a momentary scuffle as the two thick hempen ropes caught in their legs. A second later most of them were tripped up prone in the snow, and Trooper Kernahan, straddle-legged and in a perilous position on the muzzle, was victoriously bringing back the snowball-bespattered Tugela gun, pulled by the Tenth Legion to the triumphant ranks of Squadron "B."

CLUB NEWS.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A MODERN MAN club is being organised here by Mr. G. F. Jeffries, Ridley Cottage, Back Ridley Villas, who was so successful in organising the recent MODERN MAN dance and whist-drive. We look to all our Newcastle readers to support him.

WIGAN.—The meeting in connection with the opening of the new club-rooms takes place on January 2, the day on which this number is published, at the Railway Hotel, Dornier Street. All interested are invited to attend.

GLOUCESTER.—Mr. P. L. Phillips, the secretary of the Gloucester MODERN MAN Club, Bernard House, Gloucester, invites every reader in Gloucester to support him in making the local club the big success that it ought to be.

STARTING A CLUB.—In reply to several correspondents, we desire to say that we are most happy to give our support to any responsible reader who organises a club to further the objects we have always endeavoured to foster—namely, good-fellowship and good sportsmanship.

We most strongly urge all readers in the towns where these clubs have been formed to support them in every way.



"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Slagg. "I feel 'em, though I can't see 'em. Take 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."—DICKENS.

The man who can say that his face is his fortune is as lucky as he is unusual, for good-looking men are scarce.

When I speak of good-looking men I do not mean "beauty" men. The "beauty" man is the type from which the wax figures used by cheap tailors in their window displays have been copied. He consists of fair hair, a curly moustache, a girlish pink-and-white complexion, and a flabby figure.

He is fairly common, and he is nearly always vain, for he has been educated by penny novelettes and other literature that appeals to him to believe that he is beautiful.

He is much more to be pitied than the man whose features are actually ugly, for the "beauty" man is disliked by women and absolutely loathed by men.

FEATURES COUNT FOR LITTLE.

It does not matter much what your features may be like, provided your expression is agreeable, but what constitutes an agreeable expression in a man is rather difficult to define.

It must, first and foremost, be manly, for it is the manly man that is liked by men and loved by women. It may be a trifle brutal, but it must not be cynical, vain, or meanly calculating.

The business man with a bad temper, who sweeps everything before him and who tolerates no opposition, generally has his characteristics written large upon his face, but people do not dislike him for them, for the fighter, and even the brute, is secretly loved by all of us.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S HARDNESS.

Very often you find this sort of expression on the face of the self-made City merchant. He may be a man who is unjust, who will sack an employee without even giving due consideration to his case, but he does that sort of thing because he regards his employees much as he regards the press that takes copies of his letters—simply as part of his business machinery. In business he may be hard, but he cannot see a child or an old woman in distress without offering help—this he probably does with a grunt which is intended to prevent an expression of thanks, a thing which is always distasteful to him.

A man of that type may look forbidding, but children are not afraid of him, and children, ignorant as they are of the world, are marvellously accurate in sizing up a man's character.

Vanity in a man influences his expression more than any other characteristic. It is always recognisable.

The men who do big things, whether it is in business, in warfare, or in any other sphere

of life, are invariably modest, because they feel that they might have done much bigger things.

The small-minded man, on the other hand, is obviously proud of himself, and you wonder why. Then you discover that it is his moustache that he is proud about, for he keeps twirling it, or it is the ring on his finger that he keeps showing, or it is his suit, which is a new one. He is vain about a trifle, for no man is vain about a big thing, and his vanity is betrayed on his face, and people resent it.

So far as young men are concerned, probably the most pleasing expression is that which is found so frequently on the faces of athletes.

ATHLETIC FACES.

It is calm, self-possessed, and just a trifle humorous. It gives you to understand that its possessor is perfectly willing to take you at your own valuation and to be pleasant to you, but that he is in no wise afraid of you, and that if you, or anybody else, insult him or challenge him, he is perfectly competent to look after himself.

This wholesome athletic expression comes only from athletic prowess.

A man knows that he can hold his own with practically any boxer of his own weight, or that he can ride any horse that was ever shod. He does not imagine these things, but he knows them because his experience has been wide, and he becomes confident of his own power.

SIGNS OF STRENGTH.

There is a repose about his face that is evidence of potential strength. His is not the eager, ardent, thin-cut face of the social reformer or the street orator. His strength is not on the surface. It lies underneath, and is covered over by the quietly smiling eyes, and the firm and somewhat long upper lip.

One reads much about how people can improve their good looks, but presumably, that sort of thing is intended mostly for women. A man's good looks lie in his expression, and his expression is merely the index of his character.

A man who runs straight and who fights hard can never be ugly.

WM. SOUTER.

A Matter of Interest.

Our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page, on the third page of the cover, is always very interesting.

READ IT, AND USE IT.

FOOTBALL RESOURCE

SOME GOOD TRICKS AND TACTICS TO USE IN AN EMERGENCY.

By ARTHUR COLLINS
(Captain of the Fulham F.C.)

It is an indisputable fact that no outdoor athletic game calls for more brains than Association football. Take two men of equal mechanical ability at the game, and the brainier one will assuredly beat the other. This is because in football situations of instant emergency are continually cropping up, and the man with the most alert brain and the wildest ideas for duping his adversaries is the man who will excel his rivals.

It is, therefore, my purpose to put before readers of this paper some useful tactical devices which are acquired by first-class players generally only as the result of many years of experience.

A DRIBBLING WHEEZE.

There is many a man who fondly imagines he can dribble, but who is often woefully at a loss when he is tackled in an actual match. That is because he is a good dribbler in practice, but loses his initiative in the stress of a game. To such a man the following hint may be useful.

When an opponent is about to tackle you, it is often possible to delude him, cunningly, by quickly kicking the ball lightly—but with an appearance of some strength—with the outside of your foot, then instantly retrieving it, and so dribbling past the obstructor.

This is in reality a feint at passing, for its effect is to make the other man think that you are passing to another of your own side, whereas you have no intention of letting the ball go.

D.CEPTIVE PASSING.

Another wily trick is to pretend to pass with one foot, and actually to do so with the other. This is done in the same way as a good many clever boxers change their feet. It is a lightning-like movement, and almost needs acrobatic talent. You swing, say, your right foot towards the ball, pretending, slyly, to glance at a comrade on your left, but the kick is actually transferred with your left foot to somebody on your right.

In all these feints a good player has literally to *act*. For instance, in another feint at passing you should prepare by every apparent motion of your body for a pass either to the right or left. Your opponent will think you are passing, and he will spring to take the ball in the direction you indicate, but with an agile movement you keep the ball, and so pass him with it at your toes.

WATCHING THE GOALKEEPER.

A good forward, by the way, always manages, before the game is very old, to get a fair insight into the particular methods of the goalkeeper opposed to him. He spends his time sizing him up and acting according to his discoveries.

Shots with the outside of the foot are particularly puzzling to a goalkeeper, for he cannot tell at once in which direction they are coming. The forward will notice, after a while, whether the custodian shows a preference for high or low shots. If he likes daisy-cutters the astute shooter will continually give him deliveries shoulder high, and *vice versa*.

One of the greatest marks of a clever forward is that he always keeps on side. He is always a yard or so behind the other forward who has the ball, so that when he receives it he cannot possibly be penalised for off-side.



Here are a few "don'ts" for outsides which have special reference to centring the ball, the most important department of the wingers' duties.

ADVICE TO THE WINGER.

Don't confine your attention to the direction of your shot, so as to make yourself stop before passing. This loses valuable time.

Don't centre too late. If you do, the ball will probably be taken by one of the opposing backs.

Don't centre too high, or you will give the backs a chance of heading away.

Don't centre in a forward direction when close in to the goal. You are sure to put the man who takes it off-side. Centre slightly backwards.

So much for the forwards. Now we come to the halves.

In a sense, the halves are really the brains of the team. I do not necessarily mean that

they are actually the cleverest players, but by acting as go-betweens between the backs and forwards, they see more of the game and are called upon for more immediate decisions in it than probably any other man in the eleven.

THROWING-IN.

Not the least momentous of their duties is throwing-in.

Just as in dribbling, they should try to delude a tackler as to the direction in which they are going to pass the ball, so in throwing-in they should throw it to any member of their side but the man to whom they appear to be throwing it. A little regular throwing-in practice between halves and forwards will work tactical wonders in a surprisingly short time.

A good rule of thumb in the matter of corner-kicks is that the ball should be dropped between the goal and the sixteen yards line.

The greatest point of tactics for backs to remember is that, in tackling, one back should go for the man and the other for the ball. The first, who takes the man, impedes his progress, but does not stop the ball. This, however, rolls past, and is easily gathered by the other back, who, if the manœuvre has been properly carried out, is enabled to send it away in complete freedom.

Finally, a back should always look upon the ball in the light of a red-hot coal. Once he has got it, he should get rid of it again without loss of time. ARTHUR COLLINS.

FOR USERS OF SAFETY MATCH-BOXES.

It is not every smoker who possesses a silver match-box, and many of those who do have found that they are unnecessarily heavy.

Many of us, therefore, are dependent on the ordinary wooden match-box in which we buy our matches. These have a distressing tendency, if the box does not fit its cover very well, to deposit the contents in one's pocket where a blow may cause a conflagration.

If a safety match-box slides too freely in its outer case, however, it can usually be checked by simply pressing in the sides of the cover, so as to grip it a little more tightly.

Or if this is not sufficient a wad of paper, or even a match-stick, inserted between box and cover will prevent the box sliding open.

THINGS THE YOUNG RECRUIT SHOULD KNOW.

An officer may be distinguished by the stars and braid on his cuffs in the khaki or service uniform, and by the stars on his shoulders in all others. At a distance you can spot him after a little experience by the cut of his cap.

Always salute an officer with the hand furthest away from him.

Never salute when you are bare-headed.

Don't salute a Warrant Officer, but call him "sir" when speaking to him.

Address non-commissioned officers by their rank as "sergeant," "sergeant-major," and so on.

Until you know your drill thoroughly always try to fall in in the middle of the rear rank, and if you can manage it get one of the two middle places in a "four."

Then you will not have to lead the way in any manœuvre.

Numbering and telling-off is always done from the right.

On the command "About turn" always turn with your *right* leg as the pivot. The only occasion when you turn to the left about is on sentry-go, when you always turn outwards—i.e., towards your front and away from the camp, or whatever you are guarding.

Never take your uniform where you would not take your sister.

Stand at attention when "God Save the King" is played. Don't remove your cap.

When a body of troops passes you, stand to attention and salute the commanding officer.

PETER'S PALS

A SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

When first I knew Peter he was a young man to whom, as a believer in the British Constitution that instructs one to look up to one's betters, I looked up. When he asked me to call for him at the house of his father (who was thrice Mayor of the borough), I waited in the magnificent hall and studied all the portraits of the ancestors who had made money, cleanly and a little above mere trade, in vending wine.

If you think that this smacks of a commercial connection, ask anyone in your town whether your wine-merchant looks on even the leading grocer as a man and a brother. But do not ask the wine merchant, if he is one of the hefty sort with whom it is wise to adopt a deep-thinking policy before embarking upon an elaborate insult.

I write the foregoing to illustrate to you the status of young Peter. Yet, whatever could be said of his father, there was nothing of the snob about Peter. If the public school he went to had not made a scholar of him it had succeeded in making him something of a gentleman. Wherefore, it was only snobs who tried to thrust snobbery upon Peter. But they never succeeded.

At the same time, he was wise up to a certain point in the choice of his friends. They were all good sportsmen, ready for a day or anything in the way of legitimate sport. They could all flirt a little and drink a little, as men do—but no further than that which became men.

An absence from Peter's town for a few years did not succeed in blotting the genial Peter out of my mind. He was the very first man I asked for on returning to the place. He was one of the first men I met.

The luncheon hour had just passed. Workers were hurrying hither and thither to the factories. I had been told that if I stood at the Corner I should see Peter, and presently I did. He was accompanied by what appeared to be friends of his, so animatedly was he holding converse with them.

The Corner is central in that town. After a while of chatting within a few yards of me the two men left him. I hoped they had gone to get a shave, for the growth of at least a week was upon their chins. The one man who wore a collar at all wore a dirty one. And the rest of the grime that was on them did not appear to be the honourable grime of hard work.

Briefly, they were what we are in the habit of terming "wasters." It is a word that exactly expresses the class. They looked it plainly enough, and I should thus have written them down, even if I had not known them by personal repute as good-for-nothings. It was merely a wonder to me how they had managed to exist during the time that I had been absent. I expected to find them in gaol or in the workhouse, for a propensity for acting as magnets towards property that happened to belong to someone else had precluded them from regular employment.

And it was my old friend Peter, son of the thrice gold-chained Mayor, who had been hobnobbing with them!

A second later we were gripping hands. He recognised me immediately. His own appearance was the same. He was evidently *not* really mad.

"I'm not going to risk losing you," he was kind enough to say. "So come along with me. In ten minutes I can talk to you."

He grabbed my arm and steered



me along through the main channel of the workers crossing the big Town Plain. Each face he searched as though looking for a long-lost relation. Ever and anon he would pick one out, draw him aside and ask him a question. And the question was for the moment enigmatical to me.

"What do you know?" he would say.

Sometimes there was an answer, sometimes a shrug of the shoulders, sometimes a blank, hopeless negative: "Nothing."

I fell to speculating as to whether he was acting private detectivewise in some delicate matter. I did not care to ask him point blank. There seemed such a secrecy about all this. Could it be that his father was putting up for Parliament, and that he sought to gauge his chances beforehand? Was there some plot to remove some of the fat aldermen who did not see eye to eye with the Mayor? And was it therefore necessary for this son of the upper middle-class thus to consort with all sorts and conditions of men with the idea of sounding the extent of their knowledge?

It was incessant, that serious, heavy, "What do you *know*?"

Once I heard him rap out: "No, I don't want to know what you *fancy*. Only whether you *know* anything."

The broad-shouldered, well-set-up workmen he passed by. It was always to some cunning-looking little man or other that he spoke. When anything did pass in a whisper, I sometimes caught the finish (in louder tones): "And don't go spreading it all over the town, see?"

With a hurried "Excuse me," he would often disappear (when we got on to the lower quarters of the town) down one alleyway and appear, ferret-like and smiling nervously, at the head of another, his good Harris-tweed suit and silken socks forming a loud contrast to the tumble-down tenements.

Finally, we struck back towards the town. Twice he stopped drivers of empty cabs and held confabulation, and, on one occasion, he stood by a milk-barrow until the milkman—a wizened little man with a shifty eye that would convict an archangel of adulterating milk—appeared.

After his last evidently familiar friend had said a *mysterioso* good-bye, Peter looked at his gold watch. "We shall have to indulge in a canter!" he said.

With that he led me at a smart trot by devious ways that, in spite of an almost lifelong association with the town, I had never trod. Finally we emerged breathless into

roaring London Street, where the trams clang and the eminently respectable swing to and fro on their lawful ways, knowing naught of the existence of such places as we had left.

"Where now?" I said.

"Queen's—sharp," said Peter.

We went to the Queen's, but not into the tessellated hall, not into the lounge bar. Instead, Peter led me through the courtyard into the half-observed Shades bar, over the red blinds of which I could see our coming was noted inside. In the corner an oldish, white-haired, snuff-coated, spectacled gentleman regarded Peter for a second, and then cast his eyes on to a little book that he was perusing.

Peter addressed the usual formula to him in a whisper. This old man looked a Moriarty, stepped straight from the stage representation of "Sherlock Holmes." He looked the sort of man who would know a lot.

He made a faded remark to Peter.

Peter sat some seconds and then rose casually.

"Well, as you know nothing, Mr. Adams, I'll go," he said.

And we made our exit.

"He looked the sort of man," I ventured to remark, "who *would* know something."

I felt hurt that my judgment had gone wrong.

"So he does, old cuckoo," said Peter, kindly, "but I said that just to swank the ostlers in the four-ale bar. They'll all come running after me otherwise. Besides, when old Adams tells you anything he doesn't like you to spread it about."

"Neither did the other gentleman," I observed sarcastically.

"Oh, that chap!" said Peter a little contemptuously. "He knows a lot of stable boys in Newmarket, certainly. But *this* man gets all the big jobs. He knows what the money is on, see? Won't tell you unless he's in a good temper. . . . However, the man you mean told me one and Adams told me another. I'm going to wire my money off on old Adams's tip. Say, it's a big job you see—and Adams knows more even than the Milkman, and *he* gets some hot goods sometimes, I can tell you!"

THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

A very comfortable place is the sergeants' mess of a regiment. It includes every warrant officer, the bandmaster, and all non-coms. not below the rank of sergeant, although in the Royal Engineers a corporal may be admitted as a member.

There is an entrance fee not exceeding three days' pay, and whenever a member is promoted he pays the difference between three days' pay of his new and old ranks.

There is also a monthly subscription, the usual charge being eightpence for an unmarried member, and half that sum for a married man, or one who is temporarily away, and out of mess.

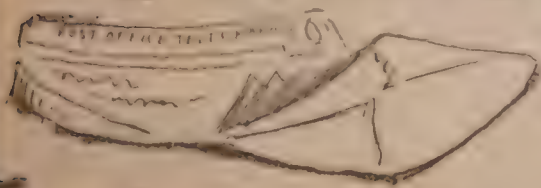
The messing charge must not exceed one shilling a day, and for that the sergeants' mess does itself well, nearly as well, in fact, as the officers at four times that amount.

Beer or spirituous liquors may not be sold before the forenoon parade, and must not on any account be sold to a soldier who is not a member or honorary member of the mess.

Mess bills are settled monthly. Entertainment may be given with the concurrence of two-thirds of a general meeting, plus the sanction of the C.O.

The senior officer of the mess is the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and he presides at all meetings, but he cannot act as president or treasurer of the mess committee.

A similar restriction applies to schoolmasters, who are honorary members of the mess, bandmasters, quartermaster-sergeants, and colour-sergeant-instructors in musketry.



KEEPING A DOG HEALTHY

SOME PREVENTIONS AND CURES FOR CANINE AILMENTS.

In looking after a dog, the great thing is to treat the animal as a dog; not as a pampered pet and not as a piece of useful mechanism. Lovers of dogs are apt to make the first error, while those people who, having no inborn affection for animals, merely keep a dog as insurance against night visitors, often give their canine friend a most wretched existence. This article does not, of course, refer to the Pomeranians and similar strange creatures brought to their present size by a breeding process which allows a too frequent recurrence of the same ancestor in their pedigree.

It may be mentioned that breeding has a great deal to do with canine disease, and afflictions brought about from this quarter are by far the most difficult to deal with.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HEALTHY.

One of the chief points to be regarded in keeping a dog in a healthy condition is cleanliness, but the animal, especially if he be a long-haired beast, should not be too frequently bathed. Once a week is quite sufficient; for in winter, if constant baths are insisted upon, a bad cold will often result.

The practice of keeping a dog in a garden kennel through all seasons may answer in the case of a healthy mongrel, but where a more highly-bred animal is concerned, he should not be forcibly exposed to all temperatures in all weathers.

The dog's kennel should be regularly cleaned—an animal will take as much pride in his little house as the most careful housewife. The opening of the kennel should not be placed in such a position as to allow the strong wind to enter. Above all things, the kennel must be kept in a dry place and away from drains.

CRUELTY.

Many owners of dogs believe in keeping their "pets" chained up as much as possible, letting them loose only at exercise time. These disciplinarians, however, make a great mistake. The ever-chained dog passes a wretched life, and a miserable existence can never be a healthy one.

For any apparently serious ailment the vet. should be called in, and it may happen that he will give you some liquid medicine for the dog.

Some people in this position adopt a most unsuitable method of administering the dose. Forcing open the animal's jaws, they pour in the medicine, expecting the dog to take the usually unpleasant—physic quietly. A struggle ensues, and instead of finding its way to the animal's stomach the liquid is invariably spilt over the floor.

A far more satisfactory result is obtained if the animal's lower lip is drawn back slightly, exposing the teeth near the cheek. The head should be a little raised, and if the liquid is poured in, the animal will, as a rule, take it quietly.

HOW TO CURE MANGE.

A complaint usually set down to neglect is mange, but this disease is often caused by the breeding of the animal. Also it may result from injudicious or excessive feeding.

When suffering from this malady, the animal will constantly scratch the diseased parts, where the hair will fall out, leaving the skin red with small pimples.

If the disease spreads, it may affect the entire body; and in such cases hair will fall out from both trunk and limbs.

Where mange is discovered the animal should be frequently washed, and should not be allowed free access to the gutter, dustbins,



and similar places so loved by the canine race. A lotion, obtainable from any dealer in live-stock, should be obtained and applied according to directions.

Olive oil and powdered sulphur is a good makeshift lotion.

A BAD TIME FOR THE MASTER.

Distemper is a disease which, despite what is said to the contrary, need never happen to a dog. If the disease is, however, contracted, the owner can prepare himself for a bad time. When the symptoms—loss of appetite and weight, and listlessness—appear, a small dose of castor oil should be administered. When this has taken effect, the dog will generally accept some nourishing food.

The animal, kept clean and warm, should be disturbed as little as possible. When the dog refuses food, it must be forced to take milk or egg, or both.

An ill-tempered dog is seldom a healthy one, and, as jealousy will promote snap-pishness, quite as much as an overdose of meat, it is well not to try the animal's temper by tricks or the caressing of strange beasts.

B. ATHLONE.

WHAT WE GET WHEN—

We ask for cigarettes: A gaudy wrapper, a badly-printed portrait of a fifth-rate actress, her bijou biography on the back of the card, and a few ill-tasting "fags."

We purchase a dainty box of chocolates for our best girl: A red packet covered with brilliant gold lettering, containing a number of smaller packets, each with more golden words, half filled with silver paper, in which reposes a minute slice of hard and musty black stuff. In the packet we also discover a portrait of the maker, his life story and family history, and a picture of his model factory at Drawnpill, where the workers play ping-pong in the garden, etc.

We demand an explanation of Socialism: A yell of "Down with the Lords," a whisper of "starving millions," a cry of "parasites," and a pressing invitation to buy a pamphlet.

We buy a newspaper: The signed life story of some famous criminal, puffs of Flossie Frillydrop's new play, bogus "Situations vacant" ads., a fashions page; the editor's discourse on politics, ten pages of advertisements, and a half-column of news.

We want help: Sympathy. GEO. WORDEN.

SOME GENERAL CARD LAWS.

RULES THAT GOVERN SOME OF DEBATED POINTS.

While every card game has its own particular rules, there are certain laws in regard to cutting, shuffling, dealing, and so on that are common to practically all card games.

It is just as well that a man should know these general rules, for to some extent they come under the heading of etiquette, and ignorance of them is apt to leave the impression that you are something of a social ignoramus.

For example, if, as a spectator, you overlook a player's hand—which, by the way, you should never do without first asking his permission—and you make any remark which calls attention to the score, you are liable to be called upon to pay all bets or stakes lost through your talkativeness.

Questions sometimes arise as to who has the right to shuffle the cards. Every player has the right to shuffle, while the dealer has the privilege of shuffling last of all. The general rule, however, is for the dealer's partner (in a four-handed game) to make and shuffle the cards; in a round game like poker the player to the dealer's left makes and shuffles.

The pack must not be shuffled below the table, nor so that any card can be seen. In a two-handed game the dealer shuffles.

When finished the shuffler should place the pack on the dealer's left-hand side—that is, of course, for games of more than two players. The dealer then pushes the pack to his right-hand adversary and invites him to cut.

When cutting you must not take the pack in your hand, and you must leave at least two cards in the smaller division.

If while dealing the dealer exposes a card, his adversaries may claim a fresh deal, provided they have not looked at their cards. They may also in similar circumstances claim a misdeal if the dealer's partner in handling his cards exposes one. The dealer or his partner may equally claim a misdeal if an adversary by his own fault exposes a card before the deal is complete.

It is a good, sound rule never to touch your cards until the last card has been dealt; certainly never pick them up, for by so doing you lose your right to claim a misdeal.

In general terms, once you have played a card you cannot claim a misdeal unless you can prove that the pack was imperfect.

Up till then, however, if you have more or fewer cards than you should have, or if, for any reason, you think there has been a misdeal, you can claim it.

A card is considered played the moment it is exposed to view. It need not actually be down on the table, for if it is held so that an adversary can name it it is an exposed card—that is, the opponent can insist on your playing it either then or later.

In this case the opponent must be able to name the card, but if a card is placed face upwards on the table and quitted by the player's hand he cannot snatch it up and decline to play it because no one can name it.

A card either played or accidentally dropped on the table is an exposed card, whether the adversaries can name it or not.

A card, however, dropped on the floor or anywhere off the table is not an exposed card, even although it be face upwards and can be named by the opponents. A player may, at any time, except during actual play, call for fresh cards, provided he is willing to pay for them.

On the other hand, if a pack is rendered useless by being torn, or in any other way, then all the players share the expense of fresh cards.

R. T. GORDON.



SUCCESS IN SPORT.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF FATAL NERVOUSNESS.

If sportsmen of all descriptions were to study, a little more closely than they do, the mental processes that they go through when engaged either in learning or indulging in sports, there would be a still higher level of excellence than is the case at present.

It is a very interesting subject this one, concerning the mental effort to become a good player, for that is what we mean by sportsmanship at the moment. And by "player" we mean one who indulges in any kind of sport, whether it be skittles or big game shooting.

The real secret of success in sport depends upon our ability to do two things at once!

There are many people who say that such dual activity is impossible, but I hope to show them here and now that this is not so.

The secret of success in sport is a mental secret.

Training, diet, and equipment, all have their part, of course, but no man will ever become a proficient sportsman unless he understands the mental processes concerned.

Indeed, equipment counts for very little where excellence of sport is concerned.

Any sport will serve to illustrate this point. For simplicity, let us consider cycling.

Do you remember the first few hours you spent on a bicycle saddle? If you do you will acknowledge that they were among the most miserable that you can remember.

First of all, you realised that the bicycle would go where it wanted to go, and not where you wished. All your effort was directed to sticking on the monster.

Then suddenly something happened. You found yourself cycling along quite pleasantly. You had tumbled to something, and no longer had to keep constant watch over your actions.

These actions, in fact, had become automatic, and in that lay the secret.

The truth is that a very large part of your cycling had become automatic.

Nevertheless, your brain had not given up all interest in the matter, for these automatic actions are just as much the result of mental activity as any other.

The only difference is that they are accomplished through what is called the sub-conscious part of the brain.

Herein lies the possibility of doing two distinct things at once, and still deeper lies the whole problem of efficiency in sport.

Thus while quite unconsciously you pedal and balance yourself, you are, with the conscious part of your brain, looking about you, or talking to a companion, or looking at a map, or doing something else, while all the time you are making your ten or twelve miles an hour.

Exactly the same principle holds good in all other sports.

The great rule is first to make sure that what we call the mechanical actions are done quite unconsciously.

The mind can then give itself to the more pressing problems that arise every moment in every game or contest.

Knowing that the mechanical part of the matter will be unconsciously performed, the sportsman goes into sport like a soldier with a good rifle.

He feels that all now rests with his own mind. If, however, he is uncertain with his aim he will naturally be nervous. He has not learned the rudiments of warfare.

Just in the same way the sportsman who has not acquired mechanical perfection will never do much. His ambition will overleap his powers. Knowing that he aspires to greater things than he can really accomplish, he will be nervous. And the nervous sportsman is not the winning sportsman.

H. JORDAN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A KINDLY FEELING.

I thought that it would be unnecessary for me to mention the large number of Christmas and New Year cards which readers have sent to me, because I made up my mind to acknowledge every one personally; but I find that several readers who have so kindly sent me these Christmas cards have omitted to mention their address, and personal acknowledgment in such cases consequently becomes impossible.

I therefore take this opportunity of thanking most heartily all those who have so kindly sent to my staff and me their good wishes.

Wherever the addresses given have been sufficient, I have written to these readers individually, thanking them.

I have worked in several editorial offices, but I have never known any editor to receive so many Christmas cards as reach my office here each Yuletide.

These little reminders of good-will are most welcome, for they are proofs of our success in fostering that kindly feeling which, in my opinion, is the essence of happiness.

AN UNUSUAL REQUEST.

Amongst my daily post I sometimes have letters of the most remarkable character, but I think that the one from which I propose to quote must, in some ways, rank as the most remarkable of all, for the request in it is very unusual.

"I am about to get married," says this reader, who hails from Bristol, "and my future wife and I have already settled on a house, and are fixing up about the furnishing of it. I am letting her have her own way with regard to the little drawing-room, which, of course, will be used chiefly by her; but I have managed to get her consent to some of my own ideas with regard to the dining-room. As to our bedroom, we are at a loss, and, as she reads your paper as well as I, we have agreed to ask you how your own bedroom is furnished, and to follow anything that you tell us."

MY OWN BEDROOM.

I know that editors are interesting people to many of those who read their papers, but this is the first time that I have ever known an editor to be requested to describe his bedroom, but I am always willing to oblige a reader, and therefore I shall endeavour to do it.

I may say, in the first place, that I do not regard my bedroom with any particular interest, for the time spent there is spent in sleep, bar the ten minutes that I take to dress and the five occupied in undressing. Nevertheless, when I took the house in which I am at present living I gave the decorators and the furnishers certain instructions which have produced a result that is, at least, not irritating.

I decided that the scheme of the room—I believe that is the right word in describing such artistic subjects—should be white. The paper on the walls is white, the muslin curtains on the three windows are white also, and the carpet is white, which, I believe, is somewhat unusual.

Above the mantelpiece there is a plaster cast of the Discobolus, which I bought many years ago when I first began to take an interest in physical culture. The plaster cast also is white.

Pretty well everything in the bedroom is white, and the note of colour relief—again I believe that I am using the right expression—is given by the reddish-brown of the furniture and by the high back of the bed, which is an old-fashioned one, and which is upholstered in red.

On the walls I have a few water-colour paintings, framed with heavy gilt or dark

green mounts. And there you are, so far as the furniture goes.

I suppose it might be considered rather a nice bedroom by some people, but I doubt whether it is always regarded as such by the maid whose duty it is to look after it, for I am afraid that the white scheme does not particularly appeal to her æsthetic taste, as it entails a good deal of labour to keep it white, and that labour falls upon her.

I settled on this white scheme because it seemed clean and fresh for a bedroom. I like a bedroom to be simple, because it is, after all, a place where one spends very little time during the twenty-four hours, but it ought to be comfortable and useful.

If you make it that, you have, in my opinion, done all that can be done, for there is nothing about a bedroom of which a man can be particularly proud.

In my own bedroom the shelf beneath the dressing-table is covered with a collection of leggings and slippers, and the shelf beneath the wash-stand has several pairs of boots on it, each pair duly cleaned and treed by the maid who does not have any particular artistic appreciation of the scheme of white.

One of these pairs of boots is a pair of Wellingtons, with spurs on the heels, and if you were to ask me candidly, I believe that these Wellingtons—which are part of my uniform—and the right to wear them, is about the only thing that I am proud of in regard to my bedroom.

THE WORKSHOP AT HOME.

With regard to my study, however, there are many points which are more interesting.

On the walls of my bedroom the pictures do not number more than a dozen, but the walls of my study are so closely covered with pictures of one kind or another that it would be rather difficult for you to guess the colour of the wall-paper.

It is in its way a workshop, and a very peaceful and reposeful one.

Most of the things in it are very old, and each has its personal association. The photographs on the walls are mostly of my friends, and each of them brings back some pleasant memory of country or camp life.

Hung here and there among the pictures are mementos of the most ridiculous description. One is a red rag which means nothing to anybody except myself. Another is a piece of blue and yellow ribbon, which again has its own meaning.

From an artistic point of view the room, I am certain, is an absolute failure, but it suits me admirably, because I hung the pictures up myself, and because there is nothing in that room that I do not want there.

I am afraid that this does not sound very much like a furniture shop catalogue, and I am more than doubtful whether my about-to-be-married reader will be able to draw much serviceable information from what I have told him.

SHARES IN "THE MODERN MAN," LTD.

Several readers, discovering that this business is now conducted by a limited company, have written to me asking whether it is possible for them to take up shares.

There are still a few 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares for disposal, and, as managing director of the company, I am reserving these shares for members of the various MODERN MAN Clubs, for League members, and for those readers who take a keen and personal interest in the paper.

I shall be happy to send all particulars regarding these shares to any reader who cares to write to me.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BEYOND THE GATE.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE WITHOUT FIGURES.

In looking at pictures it has often struck me—and doubtless it has also struck you—that many painters spoil their work by making a concession to conventional demands.

Indeed, one might walk through any of the picture galleries of a city and come out without seeing one example of the picture which is unspoiled by this unhappy trick of the artist.

The trick I am deploring is that of putting the inevitable human figures into landscapes that do not need them, and are spoiled by them.

Look at nine out of ten landscapes and you will see, stuck in somewhere, one or more human beings. They are nebulous figures; often carrying bundles of sticks, or staggering under some other weight, and they have absolutely no interest, either human or artistic.

These and other reflections came to me just lately as I contemplated what was to me the most perfect expression of nature's loneliness and beauty.

The first glance at the view, such as it was, drew me up sharply in my walk, and held me fixed to the spot, regretting that I had neither brush nor pen by any means capable of capturing even the faintest spirit of the beauty that was there.

Imagine a day from which the sun has not quite succeeded in clearing the mists away. Early afternoon is the time.

It was just a track leading from the road out into what probably were quite ordinary fields. The track was rutted, strewn with leaves, and on one side overhung with silent, solemn, still elms.

Already the dropping sun had abandoned the struggle, and had left the mists in possession. They were fast gathering strength and thickness; and already, just at the point where you felt that something like a break in the white distance should appear, down came the thick mists. With tantalising obscurity they kept the horizon misty, giving the world the appearance of an endless, smooth, unbounded plain.

Beyond the elms all was space and mist. An old gate stood open a little way up the track, giving on to what looked like the endless white expanse of the world before order was called out of chaos.

For two days the fog had drifted over the fields, and a binding frost had hung each bough and twig with a fringe of lacy rime.

Every branch had its double line of dark under-bark and fringe of frosted white lace. Almost I could imagine the summer back again giving the tree its fulness of shape.

Not a breath stirred. The fog drifted but not moved; the cold was growing intense.

Neither the cold, nor the fog, nor the outlines of the frosted elms, nor the mysterious and wrapped in the distant mists, could complete the picture without the crowning attribute of absolute and utter solitude.

For many minutes I looked upon Nature in her indifference to man. I hardly liked to move, for I had no business there. Had I approached and explored that track, I should surely have forfeited all claim to the title of nature-lover, and have become a tactless, blundering intruder.

And I dreaded the appearance out of the misty fields of some labouring man. Had he appeared the picture would have been but one of millions, connecting itself with its inevitable human figure, with mere practical affairs.

Now, however, it was a picture clean from all human figure, and uncomplicated by the lights and works of man. As the evening drew on I passed slowly away, and over other fields I heard the plovers crying as they wheeled round about the spot in the increasing dusk.

C. EASTON-GREY.

SPORTING STORIES



"GO UP ONE."

Master (teaching geography): "Charles, where is Perth?"

Charles: "On the Tay, sir."

"Quite correct; now where is Sunderland?"

"Top of the League, sir."

EXCITEMENT IN CHURCH.

It was in the middle of the sermon. Just as the vicar was about to bring out his chief point, a shriek ran out from the gallery at the back of the church.

Looking up, he saw that a lady of the congregation, who had evidently been leaning forward to catch the golden words, had overbalanced, and would have fallen had it not been for a projecting gas-bracket which had caught her dress. She was suspended in a most perilous position.

With a loud voice the preacher cried: "May whosoever turns round be struck blind." And the congregation kept their eyes firmly fixed on the pulpit.

But Pat O' Sligo, could not restrain himself. "Sure," he said, "I'll risk one eye on it."

IF.

"High-tide at two-forty," mused the January visitor.

"Yus," growled an old salt standing near, "but if the sea was all beer there wouldn't be no bloomin' 'igh tide at all."

ONE TO ISAAC.

The portly Hebrew had vacated his seat, offering it to a lady-straphanger; but before she could accept his offer, a yellow-faced, yellow-vested youth slipped into the seat.

The Hebrew glared at him, whereat the youth remarked:

"There's no need to stare so. Don't look as if you could eat me."

"You make a mistake," said the Hebrew, "you forget that I am a Jew."

SOLD!

It was a cold night, and the traveller from the north had just drawn his flask from his pocket when the train stopped at a little country station and the door opened.

"Tickets please," said the shivering collector, with a longing look at the flask.

"Oo, ay," observed the traveller as he fumbled in his pockets. "Wull ye tak' a nip?"

The ticket-collector looked up and down the platform, and as the coast seemed clear, he remarked that he didn't mind if he did.

The traveller handed him his ticket. "Tak' it oot o' that, then," was all he said, and he transferred his attention to the flask.

A TRAINER'S EARNINGS.

AN UNFAIR STATE OF THINGS.

While it is undeniable that a small proportion of the best-known trainers earn very large incomes, there are, nevertheless, a great many of their colleagues, men equally able and successful as far as winners go, who are not in a position to claim nearly so much.

As a case in point, there is a well-known trainer at headquarters who receives a substantial "retainer" from each of his patrons and is, as well, allowed £3 3s. every week for each horse that he has under his care.

But now consider the fact that, also at Newmarket, there are several other trainers, equally well-known, who receive no "retainer" at all, and who have to take horses into their charge at a much smaller figure.

The average rate of pay per horse every week would work out at about £2 10s.

The system of giving retainers is one which has met and is still meeting with much criticism—mostly unfavourable—and this criticism does not appear to be entirely undeserved.

It is obviously unfair to other trainers—and its abolition would work greatly in favour of owners.

Whereas, with a retainer, a racing trainer is allowed a certain amount of peace of mind, and can in a measure "rest on his oars" now and then, on the other hand, without it, he is forced continually to win races as the only way of showing his superiority over other trainers.

Make your own Cigarette

AG

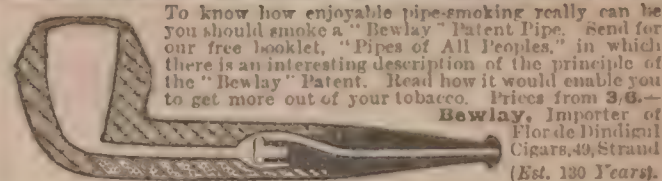
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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE BACK.

There has been some talk of late in athletic circles as to whether the back should be straight or curved. I do not refer, of course, to the shoulders—round shoulders are neither healthy nor comely.

Both sides have some telling arguments, but I am inclined to believe that the straight back is not ideal because it is so rare amongst exponents of physical culture.

The straight back gives an erectness to the figure, a crispness to the walk, says one party, but the reply is that the graceful effect of the arched or hollow back—to be seen in many a well-known athlete's photo—is denied to the man with the straight back.

There is much talk from both sides on the matter of cramping vital organs, but since the same argument can be produced on both sides, I do not think there can be much in it.

FOR STOMACH AND CHEST.

To get the best possible results from this rather difficult exercise, a real effort is needed. Do not try the movements after a meal.

Lie flat upon the stomach, placing the hands upon the haunches.

Slowly raise the head and chest from the floor, keeping the hands in position all the time, and the head forced back.



Keep the body motionless below the waist.

original position. The exercise should be repeated not more than eight times.

Throughout the movements, the legs must remain perfectly still, and the feet must rest in the position illustrated.

The tendency of the exercise is to strengthen the abdomen, to increase the size of the chest, and also to develop the muscles of the back.

HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG.

While the body of a baby is soft, that of an old man is hard and bony. Thus, aging is a process of ossification.

When man has passed middle age, a marked change takes place in his body. Calcareous, or lime-containing matter begins to thicken the arteries and the circulation is interfered with.

The gradual change from youth to age is accompanied by the accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system. Absolute blockage must come in time, and it is the refuse matter deposited by the blood which eventually ends life.

Compounds of lime, iron and magnesia are contained in the blood.

Also, the majority of the foods we consume daily contain elements which destroy life. Bread is one of the most calcareous of edibles.

Taking all points into consideration, a diet consisting largely of fruit is especially good for those



who are advanced in years, and the use of distilled water is also to be recommended.

About four tumblerfuls should be taken daily by the man well on in years. Fifteen drops of phosphoric acid to each glassful will add considerably to the value of the drink.

But the man who will most easily keep young is he who takes least thought on the matter, but who lives a healthy, normal, and temperate life, and is so fully occupied as to have no time to think about his ailments.

PROTECTING THE EYES.

By looking into a man's eyes you can usually judge the state of health that man is in. Experts on character contend that they can pick out a dishonest person by his eyes, but these experts are liable to make mistakes. To the man who has studied the laws of health, clean living, and fitness, the eyes never lie. The eyes deserve attention as well as the muscles, calves, and chest, and a few moments spent in devising

means of saving the eyes unnecessarily trying labour will be well spent.

Attempting to read badly-printed newspapers in the dim light of a tramcar is the cause of many a man's use of spectacles. This is very good for the oculist, but the physical-culture man does not want to be hampered with glasses if he can possibly help it.

Reading in bed, too, is a bad habit if the gas or electric-light bracket is badly placed.

Some men read themselves to sleep nightly. That is to say, they are ruining their eyesight to no purpose. They can digest but little of what they read, and the examination of an important or technical volume would be out of the question under such conditions.

A BENDING EXERCISE.

Standing with the feet about eight inches apart, place the hands on the back of the head so that the fingers almost touch. Keep the hands firm, else they are liable to slip forward towards the ears.

Bend the body as far as possible to the left, then right across to the right.

Repeat twelve times.

The great point to remember in this exercise is the necessity for keeping the arms well back, and to combat any inclination to bend to the front.

The chest must be thrown well forward throughout, and the head will be erect.

Pause a moment on reaching the extreme right or left, but until the final movement is completed, do not hesitate at the upright position.

In bending to the left, slightly raise the left foot and when inclined to the right raise the right foot to a similar distance.



A good developer for the side muscles.

CONDIMENTS.

The very fact that the great majority of vegetarians are strenuously opposed to the use of condiments—salt, pepper, mustard, sugar, and so on—should influence us in favour of those condiments.

Here, as in most other matters, their views

run to extremes. Condiments, when brought into contact with the mucous membrane of the stomach, cause a filling of the blood vessels and the secretion of digestive juices.

The power of the condiment is illustrated by the fact that no sooner is salt placed in the mouth than it excites a flow of saliva.

There are two ways of looking at the use of the condiment. On the one hand it may increase the amount of nutriment to be derived from a given amount of food, or, failing this, it will aid in the rapid digestion of the food.

FOR ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

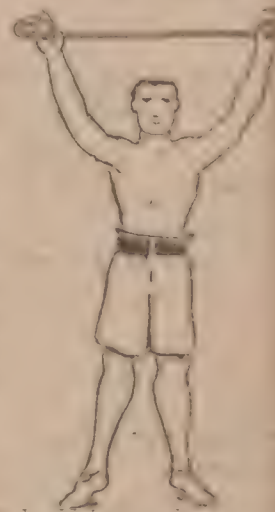
This exercise was originally designed as one of a bar-bell series, but an ordinary walking-stick provided that it is of stout wood and moderate thick in diameter, is all the apparatus that is really needed. The Territorial will find his rifle a useful substitute.

Stand at the ready, with the feet well apart and the stick, gripped in both hands, before the stomach.

Now bend the elbows, bringing the stick to the level of the shoulders. The stick is held, of course, with the knuckles of the hands pointing to the rear.

The next movement is to raise the arms to their fullest extent above the head, coming to the illustrated position.

Finally, lower the arms so that the stick comes behind the head. These movements repeated backwards constitute the second part of the exercise, which should be done twelve times at a stretch, and fairly rapidly.



Keep the heels off the ground when in this position.

ON WINTER MORNINGS.

About this time of the year I always receive good many letters from readers who, because of the cold mornings, want to abandon their physical culture at that period of the day.

My reply invariably is to the effect that if I indulge in the more vigorous exercises they need not fear the cold.

Personally, I relish my morning training more than ever, now that I have to keep the cold out by pure exertion.

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MY FIRST DAY AT THE 'VARSITY

A TURNING POINT IN A MAN'S LIFE.

I was no stranger to the place, for I had spent several days in Oxford negotiating, with more or less success, some unpleasantly stiff exams. But I felt a bit lonely and insignificant as I fought for my luggage on the crowded station platform.

I had been somebody at school—one of the best known public schools in England, too. I had gained some athletic distinction and enjoyed not a little of that power which is the proud possession of the senior boys at a British public school.

On the seething platform of Oxford Station, however, I was surrounded by imposing-looking young men in gigantic ulsters and bowler hats, who stood with the *sang froid* of a Napoleon, directing perspiring porters in their endeavour to extricate suit-cases, golf-bags, bicycles, and so on from the middle of the mob.

"BLOODS."

These must be the "bloods" of whom I had read in the books and articles on Oxford life. Of course, I had devoured every printed word on the subject that I came across. Now I know that the majority of these works give you just about as much idea of what Oxford life is really like as the average school story does of what really happens at a school.

It was not till afterwards that I discovered that these self-possessed and similarly-attired young men were but Freshmen such as I was, who had also come up early in the day so as to have begun the business of settling down before the seniors put in an appearance in the evening.

But there was this difference. These chaps had also been somebody at school. They had been used to the admiration of the smaller fry, and of the home circle, and they had forgotten to take off the side that they had put on in consequence.

TONING DOWN.

With some of them it only survived a day or two of 'Varsity life. They had the good sense to see that they had got to begin at the beginning and be nobodies again until they had achieved something here also.

With others that half-unconscious swank remained, and they wondered why they had so few friends.

But to return to that first day of what I have so often heard called "the happiest years in a man's life," at last I found a hansom to convey me and my baggage through the streets that were soon to be so familiar and to deposit me—for just double the legal fare—at my college gate.

The porter emerged like a spider from a den at the side of the porch, with a deference which clearly betrayed the hope of favours to come, and forthwith he took charge of me and of my baggage, and conducted me to my rooms.

MY DEN.

As soon as he had left me I tossed my hat and coat on to the padded window seat and proceeded to take stock of my little kingdom.

Two rooms of my very own, with a little lobby shut off from the outer world by a stout door known, as I afterwards discovered, as an "oak," presumably because it was made of deal—I had never known such independence before.

The sitting-room, at the present moment, could not be called exactly cosy, despite the fire that was blazing in the hearth. But the last man had left me some fairly decent furniture of the solid order, and I could soon make the place look respectable.



I was just about to set forth on a shopping expedition when a heavy step on the old wooden stairs outside and a knock on the door brought on a return of that nervousness and feeling of insignificance which had dogged me ever since I set foot in Oxford. I knew so little of 'Varsity etiquette and I was pathetically anxious not to do the wrong thing.

A CHANCE MEETING.

Before I had time to say anything, however, a burly figure burst in with: "Hullo, young 'un, I don't suppose you know me, but I guessed it was you when I saw your name up over the door."

I looked up at this cheery personage who was clad in a well-worn Norfolk, baggy flannel trousers, and old—very old—slippers, and who yet looked cleaner than any man I had ever seen. At last it dawned on me. It was Clayton, the chap who had earned my undying gratitude by sticking up for me when I had been torn from my mother's apron-strings at the tender age of seven to get knocked about at a private boarding-school where bullying was by no means unknown.

I was half frightened of him then and I was frightened of him now, though I was jolly glad to see him.

But it didn't take Clayton long to show me that the old top-and-bottom-of-the-school relations were a thing of the past. Here we met as man to man and as equals, for all that I was a callow fresher and he a fourth-year man.

MY MENTOR.

I asked him how I could find out something about the college rules and customs.

"Keep your eyes and ears open," he said. "You won't find them all nicely printed for you to learn them up. They're in the air. If you take my tip, you'll ask a second-year man into coffee after Hall one evening—or in other words after dinner—and just listen to him. He'll be simply full of it and no end patronising. You see a month or two ago he was a fresher himself."

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"How are you to set about joining the athletic clubs? My dear chap, in the course of the evening you will be visited by a procession of gentlemen, sometimes in couples sometimes singly, who will display fearful anxiety that you should join the Rowing Club, the Rugger Club, the Soccer Club, the Hockey Club, the Officers' Training Corps and a dozen other bodies, athletic and otherwise."

"LOOK ROUND FIRST."

"But don't you pay too much attention to their persuasive eloquence. Just join whatever you have made up your mind you want to join and wait until you see what the other institutions are like and how they are run."

I sat on the bare table and listened to him as he talked on, learning something of my new life with every word until darkness came on and we began to think about foraging for tea.

F. N. HAYMAN.

MAKING A LIBRARY.

THE BOOKS TO SELECT, AND THE WAY TO BUY THEM.

While every man has in his possession a collection of books of some description, the assortment is often of a very miscellaneous character. He will fill a shelf with books that have, at different times, fallen into his hands from divers sources, books given him as presents, and perhaps a few technical volumes dealing with that particular business upon which he happens to be engaged in the City. These, with a few sporting handbooks, will constitute the backbone of his collection.

But it is to every man's advantage, whether he be journalist or not, to keep something approaching a systematic library.

Taking for granted the fact that he has an old Bible and a copy of the Arabian Nights—relics of his early youth—the first thing he should obtain is an up-to-date English dictionary. It is useless to try economy in this direction, and the latest issue at a moderate price should be procured.

A gazetteer, too, is almost a necessity. Topographical questions are always arising.

These two articles you should obtain from an up-to-date shop, with, of course, any books dealing with ever-changing subjects and any up-to-date guides you may require.

But everything else may, I think, be safely bought from the second-hand man. You should have a complete Scott and a good Dickens. There are always several good editions to be had at a small cost at second-hand bookseller's. It is never safe to buy odd volumes of the works of these standard authors. Always have them complete and uniform. The probability is, that if you trust to luck to obtain all their works, you will not succeed, and consequently will finally be forced to buy a complete edition.

This rule only applies to the authors mentioned, and, of course, to Shakespeare, with perhaps, Lytton and Thackeray.

Of other authors, one or two samples of their work will generally suffice.

Notwithstanding his intricate and fascinating plots, no one could follow the unravelling of all Wilkie Collins' works, while many authors are only famous for a single masterpiece.

Of foreign authors, second-hand shops, as a rule, cannot boast of a very extensive stock of translations, but cheap editions of Sue's two famous works of fiction are to be found everywhere.

But fiction should not be your chief aim. Biographical works are, as a rule, far more useful than any novel, and there are many rare old dictionaries of biography knocking about the second-hand shops, and obtainable for a few pence.

F. BROWNIE.

A MAN'S BED-SITTING-ROOM

WHAT IT OFTEN IS AND WHAT IT MIGHT BE.

Until MODERN MAN clubs are established all over the country, there must always remain many readers forced by circumstances to occupy but a single room, termed by the obliging landlady a "bed-sitting-room." This term savours of discomfort, of rickety washstands, dingy rugs, and stuffed birds.

With a little care and attention, however, the bed-sitting-room may be transformed into a comfortable apartment, and in winter evenings the man who has paid due attention to his own one-roomed flat, need not go out in search of friends and pleasure; he may pass the time in comfortable surroundings with his books or hobbies as his sole companions.

CURTAINS AND CHAIRS.

A man's room must not look "dainty," but it must be comfortable. Though paintings are out of place on the furniture, the chairs must be cosy; they must always tempt their owner to indulge in smoke and meditation. The landlady's chair, as a rule, is only suitable as a clothes-hanger.

The curtains should not be of the thick dust-collecting variety, neither should they be of that flimsy material that allows the lady in the opposite house to witness enough of your morning physical exercise to allow of her wondering if a murder is in progress. The material known as casement cloth makes excellent curtains, which fit close to the window and obviate the need for a blind.

That your window is in a position to enable the sun to penetrate the utmost corners



of the room. Nothing tends so greatly to melancholy as a half-lit chamber where the objects in far recesses can only be partly discerned in the dim light.

ON FURNITURE IN GENERAL.

Do not be ruled by precedent. If you are a cyclist, by all means plaster a few maps over uninteresting pictures. A good plan is to stick up a fair-sized road map of the country two hundred miles around you, and to mark in red the roads you have traversed. Then, as you retire to rest, you may contemplate the

map and dream of past feats of prowess on wheel.

If you happen to be a "bookish" person, do not hesitate to drive nails into the landlord's wall for the purpose of fixing up shelves in the alcoves. In the ordinary jerry-built dwelling-house, however, it is hard to make the nail "bite" in the weak plaster of which the wall or partition consists. If this is so make a hole in the wall and plug it with a piece of firewood, into which the nail or the screw can be driven.

If possible, dispense with the services of the washstand and use the bath-room. Washing utensils take up a tremendous space in proportion to their utility. A good, spacious chest of drawers, however, should always be kept.

A table, easily convertible into a desk or dressing-table, should be placed at the window so that writing may be done in the full daylight. The gas-bracket—or electric-light fitting—must be fixed near the window again for the purpose of illuminating the writing-desk.

THE ROOM AND THE MAN.

So much for the sitting-room. The bed, occupying as it does a place in the landlady's title, is also deserving of attention on the part of the tenant.

It should not be hard—beware of flock mattresses—but it must not be of the feather-bed variety. The disadvantages of the "board" bed are manifest, but the soft bed gives no restful feeling of satisfaction when the tired worker retires for the night.

A man's room reflects his character, tastes, and personality. The careless man throws his clothes in the corner, his football and dumbbells in another, and piles his books on the floor. The tasteless person hangs his pictures at any height and regardless of clashing colours, while the ass covers his walls with picture-postcards of actresses who have never heard of him. A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING.

There seems to be a growing tendency among young men who are faced with the necessity of choosing their career and of learning some trade or preparing for some profession, to want to begin in the middle and avoid the tedious years of apprenticeship that are so often necessary.

It is not long since a seven years' apprenticeship at a more or less nominal wage was looked upon as the regular thing, but now the objection to serving any apprenticeship at all has led to a great overcrowding in the trades or professions which may be classed as "unskilled," and to bad workmanship in the trades demanding skill.

One does not need to be a student of biography to know that most men who have achieved success and many who have, so to speak, inherited it, have been content to start at the bottom of the ladder as far as their own profession was concerned.

The officer who joins the Army goes through practically the same course as the recruit who joins in the ranks. He must know the elements of soldiering before he can go on to the higher problems of warfare. He learns how to tell whether a horse is well-groomed by grooming one every day himself.

So the engineer must be content to work for a time "in the shops." He must learn to use a lathe or to mind a machine, not only that he may know what that machine is capable of doing, but that he may realise the conditions under which the men work.

The stockbroker must start as a clerk. He would not do much good if he could walk straight into the "House" without any previous experience.

The prospect of having to do possibly hard and irksome work at regular hours—perhaps involving early-rising—for a year or more is certainly one that demands some grit at the outset, but it is the only way to success.

But after all, a year is very like a hill in the course of a cycle-ride. It seems a much more serious thing when viewed from the bottom than when you look back on it from the top.

Whatever your business or profession is, you cannot know too much about the details of it.

The head and founder of one of the great London publishing houses used frequently, even after he had achieved a certain measure of success, to go into the composing room, take off his coat and work at the case, setting up type for the papers of which he was actually the proprietor.

In short, he made a hobby of learning the minute details of the conditions under which his papers were produced.

Even the man who inherits a successful business cannot afford to shirk beginning at the beginning. The American millionaire—the Pierpont Morgan or Harriman—sets his son to work at first as an ordinary clerk in an office, and the son in most cases has the good sense not to object.

Every successful hotel-keeper and manager starts his career as a waiter, just as every field-Marshal was once a junior subaltern. You cannot become a great organiser unless you know what you are organising.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

GOOD PROSPECTS

Now that the elections and the Christmas holidays are things of the past, I am looking forward to a substantial improvement in business in stocks and shares. Cheap money will be the principal "bull" factor, and I shall be surprised if the bank rate is not down to 3½ per cent. before the month is out.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

The American market looks like going much better within the next few months, owing to the enormous crops which have been garnered, amounting in value to \$3,735,464,000. This vast sum, which the American agriculturalist has won from the soil, must cause a great investment demand for the shares of the Railroads and Industrials, which are now standing at a really attractive price.

There are also to be considered the huge dividends which are paid at this season and the bulk of which will find reinvestment.

Besides the great benefits which must accrue from the bounteous harvest, there is another favourable economic statement recently published—namely, that the exports and imports for November show an improvement in the balance of trade of no less than twenty-one million dollars over November, 1909.

No doubt the victory of the Democrats in the last American elections will tend to reduce tariffs and consequently lower the cost of living, which will avoid the necessity of large employers of labour raising wages.

All things considered, the American market looks very attractive to the investor, and also to the speculator who is prepared to face, and see through, any little set-back in prices that may occur.

The Southern Pacific yearly statement is the best that company has issued, and shows a surplus of 13 per cent. on the common stock against 9.84 per cent. a year ago; consequently those in search of a stock likely to show a quick and substantial rise might do worse than buy a few shares of this "road."

TEA—AND A WARNING.

The tea "boomlet" is developing, and the company promoter is snapping up any estates that are for sale, especially in Ceylon.

The prices of shares in tea companies, and the product itself, have improved considerably during the last few weeks; but I am of opinion that we have seen the top, or nearly the top of the tea boom, and I should not advise any of my readers to apply for shares in the tea companies which are at present being launched, as, although there is a shortage at present in supply, the Chinaman will put that right as soon as the price suits him.

The profits from tea planting are not to be compared with those of rubber growing, and investors need not hesitate for a moment in deciding whether they should buy the shares of tea or rubber producing companies.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"READER" (Pembrokeshire).—I will communicate with you when the tickets are ready for the Stock Exchange Derby Sweepstake.

AUCKLAND'S AGENCY (H. F., Blackpool).—You do not say in your inquiry whether you wish to become a shareholder or a depositor. In either event I should advise you to select some older and better-known institution for the investment of your money.

A. R. (Cambridge).—I quite approve of your list. In my opinion there is no better investment than sound rubber companies.

Q. X. (Dublin).—Yes, I think you may safely increase your holding. Home Rails are likely to improve with the turn of the year.

F. S. (Plymouth).—Canadian Pacific shares have had a good rise lately, but look like a good purchase on any substantial reaction.

"RUBBER" (Manchester).—The profits from the Way-Halim Estates for the first six months are considerably in excess of the estimates in the prospectus.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

ON PAYING BACK.

HOW YOU CAN JUDGE A MAN BY THE WAY HE DOES IT.

One of the foremost pieces of wisdom that is widely followed by shrewd men is Shakespeare's famous maxim, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be"; but, for all that, the reader will probably agree that in more ways than one, life consists very largely of borrowing and paying back.

We may not borrow money—indeed we are wise if we don't—but, in other senses, we are often under obligations which we do not, perhaps cannot, pay back at once. But it is largely to the credit of human nature as a whole that we do "pay back" at some time or other.

The man whose business causes him to travel about the country realises this more, perhaps, than any other.

In strange places, where he has no friends, he is constantly receiving little kindnesses, all the more pleasant because they are unostentatious, from strangers.

And that man, if he is a decent chap, "pays back" by insisting that his newly found friends shall "look him up" when they are in his part of the world, and give him a chance of reciprocating their kindness.

The man who goes through life receiving all he can, and giving as little as possible, is a distinctly unpleasing person. He will probably amass more than his share of the world's good things, but he will have few real friends.

A firm determination to make good one's little obligations—whether in money or in kind—is one of the clearest signs of a comparatively straight character.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

THE CALLOUSNESS OF SELBY

Violet Lyons, only daughter of Vincent Lyons, Esquire, of Bagley Court, Staffordshire, and Eric Blount, the eldest son of a neighbouring land-owner, were taking advantage of the privilege allowed by acquaintance since childhood to indulge in what might reasonably be termed "a high old row."

They faced each other standing, in the firelit hall of Bagley Court, one night in January, Violet in an ermine-trimmed costume and hat, a big muff held under her arm as she tugged viciously at a glove; Eric Blount watching her with the light of temper in his aggressive blue eyes.

He was a large and muscular young man, with good features spoiled by a petulant expression. Just now he was scarlet with baffled masterfulness.

He had come up to the house not many minutes ago to inquire how much longer she intended to be before she joined the skating party on the lake.

She had replied with irritating sweetness that she was waiting for Mr. Selby, who, unfortunately, could not arrive till nine o'clock—yes, it was perfectly true that he was detained by his *trade*—but there was no necessity at all for Eric to wait, nor for him to glare at her like a bear with a sore head. Mr. Selby would escort her to the ice as soon as he came, thank you.

So the warfare waged.

At the present moment she was saying, in a voice as frosty as the air outside:

"You won't make me like you any, the better, Eric, by belittling my friends. I only think less of you. I'm surprised that you can be so mean!"

"I'm only speaking for your own good," he retorted angrily. "It's simply rot for a girl like you to encourage a man, who, whatever his surface attractiveness, is beneath you! A man who isn't even *country*! He's nothing more nor less than an upstart."

"Do you think so?" she said. "I wonder, if he knew, whether he would survive your opinion? Now, I like him! He is so different from most of the men one meets."

"You love him, you mean."

"I didn't say so, did I? I meant to say *like*."

"Oh, you can't deceive me like that! Besides, you are blushing."

"I'm sure I'm not." The fact that she had to deny it annoyed her.

"You are!"

"It's my natural radiant colour." She held her head a trifle higher, smiling. Then, as he failed to smile in return, she glanced down impatiently, tugging anew at her glove.

"You do love him," he insisted jeeringly.

"Very well, then, I love him," she admitted, with unconcern.

"You—*what*?" he asked, angrily incredulous.

"Well, that was what you wanted me to say, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't at all. It would be an outrageous thing if you did. A chainmaker! Good God, Violet—"

She looked up suddenly, a dangerous flash in her eyes.

"At least, I don't love you," she said. "And never shall!"

"Oh, I know," he said. "You needn't keep on reminding me. I lack glamour, you see. Perhaps if I were able to combine a sort of Napoleonic commercialism with the rôle of demigod to—a pack of illiterate and unwashed—er—men who at one time were—er—my colleagues—"

"Oh, don't try to be funny, Eric," she interrupted. "It doesn't suit you, and the process is painfully laborious."



"By Jove, Violet, you can be a little beast when you like!"

"Better that than a sneak!"

It was here that they heard footsteps on the terrace outside, followed by the ring of a bell, and Violet went to open the door for Richard herself.

"You've come," she said, and her gladness was evident.

"Yes, I've come," said Richard.

Past her shoulder he saw Blount, and checked what else he was about to say. She turned.

"I think you know Eric Blount," she said.

Richard strode forward, and Blount just then began to dust something from the breast of his coat. He nodded.

It was a ruse calculated to put Richard in the ignominious position of a hand outstretched and ignored, but Richard, never hasty with his courtesies, disappointed him.

"Yes, we've met," he said, halting easily and nodding in return. "How d'you do?"

"Hah d'ye do?"

"Eric has kindly been keeping me company till you came," said Violet, rather distinctly. "The rest are down at the lake, enjoying themselves. All except Auntie, who is playing patience in her sitting-room."

She touched a bell by the side of the fireplace. Richard's abstracted gaze travelled from Blount's fiery blue eyes to her face, on the cheeks of which a spot of colour still burned.

He began deliberately to remove his left glove. Violet stood lost in reverie. Blount changed his feet and coughed, looked from one to the other and said "Um—m!"

"Well!" he exclaimed with abrupt briskness, "you won't be long, Violet?"

"No, not long, Eric," she said pensively. "Oh, Filmer"—as the butler appeared—"Mr. Selby will take something."

And Eric Blount strode out.

"I fancy I can smell sulphur," said Richard a moment or two later, when they were alone. "Sulphur?"

Richard smiled.

"Oh, *that*! Yes, we were squabbling. He is so insufferably bad-tempered that I lose my own temper with him."

"A greater compliment than he deserves."

"I hate him!"

"Not as bad as that, surely."

"I do. He's unchivalrous. He knows just the sort of things to say which hurt a girl."

I haven't forgotten the way he used to pinch me when I was little. He's cruel."

She turned and took a step towards the door but stopped.

"Of course, he isn't worth

bothering about," she said. "Are you ready?"

Richard's smile had vanished. He quietly put a hand on her shoulder and pulled her round.

"I thought so," he said.

There were tears in her eyes!

"I'm only mortified," she said, smiling up at him, but with her underlip faintly quivering. "I wanted to get the best of it myself, and I'm afraid he did."

"What did he say to you?" asked Richard quietly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Tell me."

"Well, he took on himself to remind me that you were a chainmaker."

"Ah," said Richard.

"You understand," she added, with clear gaze on his; "that I would not have answered your question had I really minded. I was merely angry that he said anything against you at all."

"Yes, I understand that," said Richard.

"Then come along."

"Wait a moment."

There was an expression in his face which she had never seen there before.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I was wondering," said Richard with thoughtful calm; "what I should do with Eric Blount. You can't suggest anything, I suppose?"

"I wish I could," she said wistfully. "You see, in these civilised days . . ."

She sighed, then frowned, and he knew that she was mocking him. They went towards the door.

"Of course, nothing less than torture would satisfy you," she said.

"I'm quite serious," said Richard, holding the door for her to pass through. "I don't want to any man making you cry."

"That is your own special prerogative isn't it?" she laughed as she went by.

"Mine? No, I shall never make you cry, said Richard in the innocence of his heart."

"You have already done so," she told him. "Often!"

"I have?" exclaimed Richard, turning to her in the moonlight, with complete surprise. She nodded.

"When? What did I do?"

"I sha'n't tell you," she said. "Too much flattery is bad for one."

"Flattery?" said Richard, not understanding her.

"Well, aren't you pleased since I told you to Confess now!"

"Why should I be pleased?" said Richard conscious that she was right.

"Because men always like to hurt the ones they love."

"Do they?" said Richard. He was silent for several minutes.

"Lord! I believe they do," he said.

II.

There was a merry party on the ice, consisting for the most part of the younger people from several of the neighbouring families.

A servant put on their skates, and soon afterwards Richard found himself appropriated and practically monopolised by a brace of high-spirited schoolboys, who presently insisted on his excursioning with them to the far end of the lake, where the ice was less safe and enjoyment proportionately keener.

They had found a place where there was apparently a current beneath—a long, wide wet-oozing streak, which they were anxious to take at flying speed, preferably before audience.

"I shouldn't venture it," advised Richard, on arriving at the spot and inspecting it. "It can't be more than half an inch thick, and it looks as soft as sugar."

"The water isn't deep," argued the boy, who was named Jack.

"How do you know?" asked Richard. "We've fished in it. We know the depths all over, don't we, Ronald? It's only about five feet here."

"And I'm five feet one and a half," intimated his brother.

Richard knew the plausibility of school-boys when seeking to get their own way, and refused to be convinced by their statements.

"You just come away," he said, with a hand on the shoulder of each. "Listen to that!"

There had been an ominous crack, and instinctively they skated apart.

Just then Eric Blount came up, and the boys repeated their ambition to him. He eyed Richard, deciding immediately on opposition.

"Why, what rot!" he said. "I'll go over myself, if you like. You surely are not afraid, are you?"

"Of course we're not afraid," they said in indignant unison. "But Mr. Selby—"

"Mr. Selby says you mustn't, eh?"

"No, not that; but—"

"He is afraid, perhaps. Are you, Selby?" he asked him, in a tone not free from insolence.

"I hadn't thought of myself in the matter," said Richard.

"Oh, I see. You were distributing gratuitous advice?"

"I was talking common-sense," said Richard, amiably, "—which at present you're in need of."

At the open revelation of animus the boys' eyes brightened, but Eric Blount said no more; only glared, and then, at an ostensibly leisurely pace, skated over the width of insecure ice, and turned, calling out to the boys:

"There you are, it's easy enough! If it will bear my weight I'm sure it will bear yours. Come on."

They went over after him; and returned. "It's all right," they said with an encouraging nod to Richard. "You try it."

Richard was gazing abstractedly over their heads at Eric Blount, who stood on the dark-coloured streak testing it with stamps of his skate-blade.

Even as he watched, the ice crinkled up and appeared momentarily to be alive, and Blount disappeared from view altogether. He had no time to do anything but utter a gasping exclamation, and the next instant he was gone!

The boys turned eagerly on hearing the crash, and almost overbalanced with excitement.

"Geel!" said one. "He's gone in!"

"What a lark!" exclaimed the other. "Not so much of a lark if the water is deeper than you said," said Richard.

"Especially if he comes up under the ice! Keep away, you little idiots!"

He was skating warily forward when Blount came up.

He clawed desperately at the ice and managed to get a forearm across, only for it to break and immerse him again. He struggled out a cry for help.

"Feel for the bottom," shouted Richard distinctly. "Feel for the bottom!"

He was within a yard's distance of the boys, watching with vigilant eyes. The boys, glee now tinged with fear, expected a moment to see him fall in as well.

Again Blount appeared, blowing like a trumpet, his hands wildly clutching, the fingers slipping back along the smooth wet surface of the ice each time he attempted to clamber

"You won't do any good that way," said Richard. "Let yourself down and see if you can touch bottom. If you can't, you'll have to hold on quietly until we can do something for you."

"I'm on bottom all the time," was the savage reply. "Why don't you give me your hand?"

"Wouldn't he p matters to have two of us in," said Richard, philosophic now that his single anxiety was relieved. "Here, you lads, cut off along that rise and see if you can pick up something—a branch of a tree or a lump of wood. Anything."

They darted off, and Richard, looking casually round, saw that the rest of the party, black figures in the moonlight, had become aware of what had occurred, and were hastening up.

In another moment he was the centre of a knot of excited questioners; and the ice beneath them was groaning and cracking in an alarming manner.

"We shall all be in if we're not careful," said Richard. "Get back some of you. You ladies in particular. Here, Arthur, is there likely to be a piece of rope anywhere about?"

"In the boat-house, but I believe the door is padlocked."

"Go and break it open, then."

"I will. Is he in danger?"

"No; only uncomfortable."

"Keep an eye on him."

"That's what I am doing."

He stood still, while the majority of the other men filled the air with exclamation and suggestion, but made no move to attempt a rescue.

"Good God!" Blount burst out suddenly, with chattering teeth; "while all of you are talking about it, I am in here, *freezing*. Isn't there a man among you with the presence of mind to do something?"

Richard felt a light touch on his arm, and turning, beheld Violet Lyons.

"Dick," she said rather pleadingly, "why don't *you* do something? You have been giving orders to others—but that is all!"

"Well?"

"It isn't like you," she said.

He regarded her with lurking amusement.

"I have been thinking of his transgressions," he said, "and, like Pharaoh of old, have been hardening my heart."

"Yes, I know," she said, "but please get him out now; will you, Dick?"

He did not answer, but struck out immediately for the bank. On the crest of the rise he could see the two schoolboys vainly searching for what he had sent them for.

He walked to a wicket-gate set in a fence near by, which enclosed a fountain and a

shrubby, lifted it from its hinges and bore it back to the ice to within a few feet of the immersed man.

He approached the hole cautiously on his knees; then he lay at full length, and pushed the gate before him till Blount could reach it.

"Catch hold," he said.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

Read what the Editor says on Pages 4 and 5.

Possibly you can make money by writing.

This paper is always open to consider interesting contributions, but they must be interesting.

"He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift," says **Modern Society.**

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"The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—
"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not know, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

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"Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

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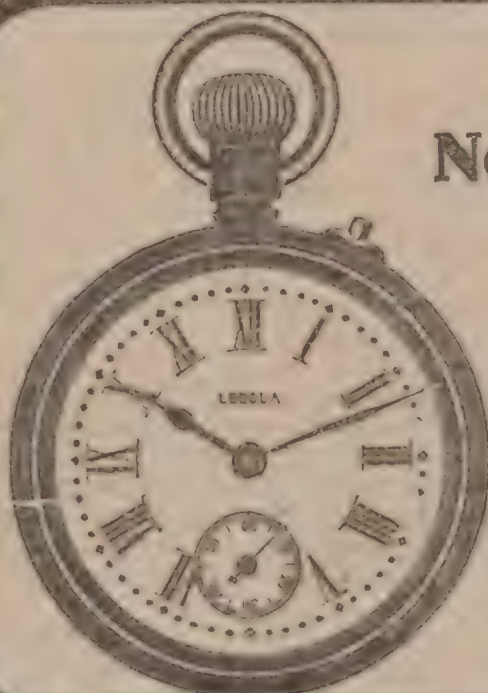
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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BUCKLE AND STRAP.

A detail usually overlooked by the buyer of a suit is the adjustment, sewing, and make of the buckle and strap at the back of the vest.

Often the strap is miles too long, and hangs loosely. When this is found to be the case, do not hesitate to cut off some of the surplus material; you will not increase your measurements to such an extent during the life of a single vest, even after the Christmas dinner.

The buckle itself is quite an important feature of the vest. In fact, I have known many a suit ruined by a faulty buckle.

It should be well made and the spikes should not protrude. If they do, then they are liable to rip into the lining or even into the material itself of the coat, and such a happening brings with it disastrous results.

LININGS.

It is never advisable to have a lining of a glaring or startling hue or pattern.

Loud colours in linings, whether in overcoats or lounge suits, tend to destroy the effect of the clothes themselves.

While a lounge-suit lining should be subdued and in keeping with the rest of the material, that of the overcoat should be warm.

Of course, it may be argued that jacket linings rarely show, but on occasions they may be seen by other eyes than your own, and for those occasions alone it may be as well to be tastefully adorned in every detail.

Do not let the lining reach the extreme bottom of a jacket or coat.

If you do it will gradually appear beneath the edge of the outer material.



TROUSER CREASES.

Always impress upon the tailor -- or perhaps I should say sartorial -- mind the necessity of having the creases exact in every detail and measurement.

There are tailors who make a special feature of their creases, but there are those who make no endeavour to excel in this respect.

If a pair of trousers are ill-creased when first they leave the maker's hands, it will take many weary hours of pressing to get rid of all traces of the wrong crease and firmly to establish a new one.

Sometimes you will find, to your astonishment, that the brace-buttons are incorrectly distanced, and this fact will so upset your calculations that the button-sewing will have to be done over again.

It is carelessness in this respect that often upsets the tailor's own calculations and gives his customer endless trouble.

PERMANENT TURN-UPS.

Most men, when walking, wear the bottoms of their trousers turned up, but I doubt whether many of them are permanently up-turned.

There is something unreal and artificial about the permanent turn-up which offends the taste of some men, but it cannot be denied that they save a vast amount of time and trouble.

There is an art in successfully turning up a trouser-leg, and if you are not gifted with a knowledge of the art, I think you should go in for artificiality in this instance.

In ordinary permanent turn-ups from the tailor give him instructions regarding the length of the turn-up or he will give you an undesirable amount of trouser "cuff."

Just a little bit—not too much of it," as Marie Lloyd says; and it is as well to impress these, your wishes, upon the cuff-loving tailor.

If you go in for permanent turn-ups it is an excellent plan to get your tailor to put a small piece of binding just where the bottom of the trouser rubs against the heel of the boot. Often trousers that have been habitually worn turned up wear through at this place in such a way that they could not be turned down without displaying a gaping rent.

The advantage of having your trousers "P.T.U." as the tailor calls it—or "pressed turned up"—is that the turned up hem lies close to the trouser, and also that the crease at back and front is not turned inside out.

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

The appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it, and saves 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. Send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day to the Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

BOOT LEATHER.

In an interesting chat with a bootmaker the other day, he explained to me how it that thick soles do not stand for strength any more than thin ones do for weakness.

He pointed out how the thin soles of good boots are made from carefully compressed leather, so that the staying-power of the fairly priced boot is far greater than that of the cheaper line of footwear, even though the latter has a far thicker sole.

In the bygone days when, as a youth at school, I played football with half-bricks for the playground, after balls had been confiscated owing to broken windows, it was the leather immediately beneath the toe (and the toe as well) that gave out first. Now, however, the heel is the first part to give, owing to the fact that I have a habit of digging my heels into the ground as I walk.

It is possible, says my bootmaker friend, by paying a little extra, to have specially prepared leather for the heel, in order that that part may not wear out long before the sole begins to show the slightest signs of wear.

But I am inclined to think that the ordinary rubber-heel is a more economical expedient.

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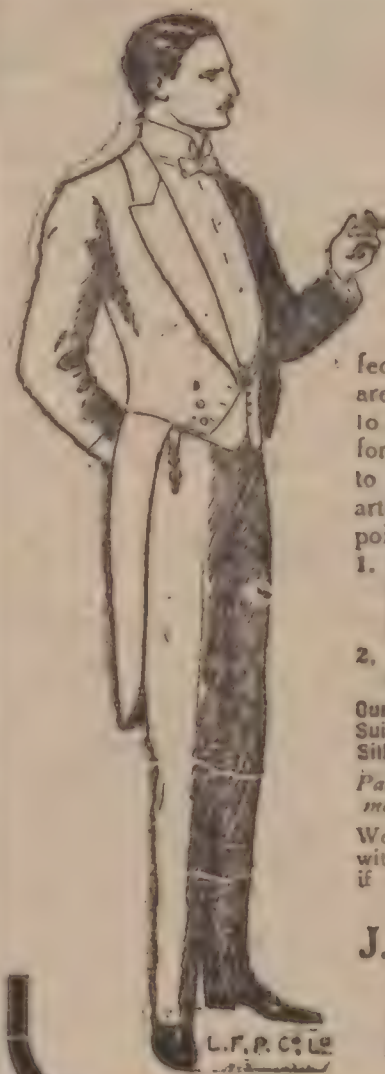
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BEING FITTED.

When a man feels that someone is taking stock of him he holds himself erect and tries to look as strong and powerful as possible. In a similar way, there is a tendency, when being measured, to expand the chest, draw in the stomach, and press the shoulders far back.

The tailor takes his measurements accordingly and, doubtless, thinks what a strong man you are.

But when you receive the suit and find that it is loose in the chest and very, very tight in the stomach, you are apt to think things of the tailor, though the fault is entirely your own.

Give the fitter a chance to get your average measurements, and the result will be far more satisfactory to you than it would have been if you attempted the proportions of Hackenschmidt.

YOUR PECULIARITIES.

None of us is proportionately ideal, or, shall we say, exact in his measurements. One man will be long in the arms, another long in one leg; in fact, nearly everyone presents some trifling and, perhaps, unique difficulty to the tailor.

It is always as well to emphasise these points when being measured, or, in an absent-minded way, the tailor may call your measurements for what he thinks they ought to be, and not what they actually are.

Of course, you must not offend him by practically informing him that he does not know his business; the best way is to remark casually, as he puts the tape to your arm, (if that happens to be your abnormal part), something to the effect that you are "rather long in the arm, eh?"

This will forewarn him, and the result will probably be more satisfactory than if he had not been told of your peculiarity.

ALTERATIONS.

Men regard alterations with widely different views. Not infrequently one meets the man who declares that he never likes a suit that has required alteration, while, on the other hand, there are many men who believe perfection impossible unless numerous alterations have been carried out.

This view is quite a reasonable one, but the man who holds it is apt to search for mistakes on the cutter's part, flaws in the cloth or some trivial error in the making of the suit.

The view of the man who regards a suit as spoiled if it requires any alteration is, however, devoid of all sense. The clothes had to be made in the first place, and slight alteration at an early stage is only the re-making of a certain part.

It is usually the coat that is found wanting in some respect, and this is by no means difficult to understand. It is the most noticeable feature of a suit, and, at the same time, the most intricate.

Personally, I never hesitate to have a coat altered after it has left the tailor's hands if I consider it imperfect in any detail, but I do not go upon the assumption that the tailor or his assistants are bound to have made a mistake somewhere. I look for the defect as a housewife looks for a hole in a stocking—hoping not to find one.

THE MORNING RUSH.

Although the matter of clothes must be one of great interest to the majority of my readers, I have a shrewd suspicion that the ability to be early to business in the morning is of first importance.

Knowing how we are apt to postpone the moment of getting up till the last minute, and (I had almost forgotten it) remembering

the ten minutes of physical culture, it is rather surprising that we do not prepare our clothes overnight to meet the morning's rush.

Returning home dead-beat somewhere in the neighbourhood of midnight, we are apt to say, "Oh, hang the clothes; I'll get up early in the morning; let me get to bed now."

Until I broke myself of this habit of procrastination, I used, perforce, to select and put on my clothes at express speed every morning, and it was the outer captain who suffered accordingly.

Now, however, I find it an excellent plan to make an overnight selection, as it were, and this helps to meet the exigencies of the morning rush.

You may have a suit of the smartest pattern and most stylish cut, but if you drag it from its hanger and "throw it on," the result will be less satisfactory than if you had carefully donned a suburban draper's forty-shilling ready-made. Also, you feel uncomfortable and ill-dressed when you have been compelled to rise, wash and dress in the space of ten minutes. And always the first item takes the longest time.

LAPELS.

A good deal of variety is to be seen in the matter of lounge-coat lapels. While there seems a tendency to favour the long lapel of a year or so ago, the smartest and most up-to-date jackets are cut with three buttons and a lapel of moderate depth.

The long lapel—that which comes a good many inches below the watch-chain, has one great disadvantage. It is apt to hang forward unless well pressed from time to time.

The short lapel, on the other hand, cannot impart anything approaching the sense of ease and spaciousness which the wearer of the long coat and proportionately long lapel is wont to enjoy.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

M. R. J. (Walthamstow).—If you are not sure as to the identity of your host, shake hands with all the waiters; then you won't miss him.

"LANDLOVER" (Liverpool).—The House of Lords is not entirely an unrepresentative and unelected body. Twenty-eight Irish peers are elected for life and sixteen Scotch peers are annually elected.

J. B. (Lincoln) complains that he recently paid a shilling to have his hand read and the results were unsatisfactory. He must be consoled, however, with the thought that men pay more than a shilling to have their noses red with anything but pleasant results.

J. K. (Chelsea).—You must not be too hard on the ref. After all he is closer to the men than you are. By the way, your local crowd is getting a reputation for lack of sportsmanship. Better take the "M. M." round next Saturday.

W. H. H. (Hendon) states that we cater for the prurient. "Our Sporting Stories," he remarks, "are most disgusting." We will not disclose his name, or some of "the prurient" might wallop him.

J. M. S. (Warrington).—For a new motor-bike you should pay about £50. Why not advertise for a second-hand one in our Sale and Exchange page?

R. B. T. (Leicester) cannot understand how teams that shine in League football do not carry off the Cup. Teams fighting for First League honours concentrate their efforts on that goal and do not try for the Cup—which, as a rule, means some injuries. It is the same with teams at the very top and very foot of the First League. We predict that Sunderland, Aston Villa, Middlesbrough, Woolwich, Manchester City, Chelsea, Clapton, and West Bromwich will *not* reach the semi-final of the Cup Ties.

W. F. (Bow, E.).—Much depends on the breed.

B. T. L. (Dudley) informs us that stout and sherry make a good mixed drink. It sounds risky, but we'll try it when we are feeling particularly brave.

R. D. L. (Address unknown) sends us twelve pages of matter proving that Free Trade has been the saviour of our country. Not being a political journal, we cannot print it, or we should be getting twenty-four pages from an ardent Tariff Reformer.

J. T. (Dulwich).—We advise you not to bid for pictures or other "art treasures" and "antiques" at unknown or temporary auction rooms.

L. A. C. (Greenock).—An eight-mile cross-country race is a very severe test of a man's stamina. To prepare for it, get out as often as possible, on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, for good long jog-trots. Don't worry about speed, but train yourself to stay the distance. Build up your store of physical endurance by taking as long walks as possible. Have a bath every evening or every morning, eat good nourishing food, take plenty of sleep, and knock off tobacco and liquor till the race is over. Let us hear from you, whether you win or not.

W. F. (London, S.E.).—Such positions are eagerly snapped up. Your only chance is to watch the advertisements in the "Chronicle" and the "Telegraph," and to do your best to get there first.

"ENQUIRER" (Fraserborough).—You want to know whether a certain firm with a pseudo-medical name is genuine. We have not heard of them, but presume that they are as "genuine" as any other firm of quack-doctors. Why not consult your own medical man; he would charge you not more than a tenth of what these people ask. We beg your pardon—you say that it is "for a friend," that you are consulting us. Everybody who writes to us on these matters does so "for a friend." Better show our reply to your friend.

L. B. (Leicester).—There is not much chance now for professional tumblers (human); better throw up the idea.

B. V. R. (Stratford).—Captain Saunders writes exclusively for this paper. He fears he cannot claim relationship to the author of "How to Treat Scurf Diseases" that you mention. We will not print the Captain's remarks when we suggested that he was the author of the treatise.

R. L. (Dartford).—Tell your sister not to worry over her chapped hands. They're not so bad as "chapped" lips.

B. S. (Belfast).—The art of conversation lies in tact. Avoid all subjects that might be distasteful to those to whom you are speaking.

A. WINTER, 64, Kruis Street, Johannesburg, Transvaal, is anxious to correspond with readers in Great Britain and Ireland.

H. B., Katanga District, Belgian Congo, says: "It is a wonder to me that more artisans, bricklayers, plasterers, and men of like trades do not try Rhodesia. The pay for skilled workmen runs from £25 to £35 or more per month. I met a bricklayer not long ago who much regretted that he was not a plasterer. His complaint was that he could earn only 23s. 6d. a day at his trade, while the latter could earn 25s. to 30s. a day." This information may be useful to some of our readers, but it must be remembered that the cost of living in Rhodesia is very much higher than it is here.

E. J. B. (Portsmouth).—No method of trisecting an angle with mathematical accuracy has yet been devised.

S. D. (Halifax), **H. C. B.** (ss. Virtus), **C. G. S.** (Birmingham), **P. McD.** (Dublin), "**HORSE GUNNER**" (Walthamstow), **A. D.** (Croydon), **G. G. T.** (Acton), **T. N.** (Fulshaw), **R. T.** (Bury), **W. G.** (Vancouver), **F. H.** (Banff), **W. S.** (Southampton), **H. C.** (Chester), **R. H.** (Walton), **C. J. R.** (Exeter).—We thank you for your kind interest in the paper.

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IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of great value also as a restorative after an attack of "Influenza" or any debilitating illness.

SUB-IRONISED Specially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons instead of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, and Varicose Veins. For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Coughs, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Sore Throat, Wheeziness, Old-Age Coughs, Night Coughs, Throat and Chest Weakness. Exceptionally valuable in safely removing Children's Coughs. Contains no narcotics nor anything injurious. It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint. Should be persevered with for a short while after the ailment is cured because of its tonic properties.

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, &c., &c. Tones up the Digestive Organs, and increases their natural powers of digesting foods by strengthening the NERVES that control digestion. It sustains and fortifies the whole system.

Where, however, there is, in addition, excessive general weakness, the Ironised or Sub-Ironised should be taken on alternate days with it.

ANTI-RHEUMATIC SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases "Ironised" or "Sub-Ironised" will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it). It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint.

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Protrusion Ani, &c. This is not a purgative, but restores natural action by strengthening the muscular contractile power of the bowels.

ALL KINDS IN THREE SIZES,
11½ (3ozs.), 2/9 (9ozs.), 4/6 (16ozs.).

Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds are sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boot's, Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

They treat your NERVES as well as your Complaint.

THE RIGHT SORT.

In this column will be found a further list of members THE MODERN MAN League with their addresses. Names newly-joined members which are received too late to appear the list for their own town will appear in a supplementary list. Members are requested to inform us of any error in the list, of any change of address. Those who do not wish their names to be published are requested to inform us as soon as possible.

DUNDEE (continued).

B. HAND, Taglie House.
T. HARPER, 50 or 55, North Ellen Street.
S. HAWKINS, 8, Garland Place.
D. HEGGIE, 12, Annfield Street.
J. HEGGIE, 12, Annfield Street.
C. G. INNES, 27, Albert Street.
J. KEY, junr., 76, Murraygate.
J. McBRIDE, 24, North Ellen Street.
A. McINTOSH, 3, Baxter Street.
J. S. McLEAN, 68, Wellgate.
J. C. MILNE, 29, Isles Lane.
J. MOFFAT, 12, Garland Place.
A. ROBERTSON, 11, Bruce Street.
R. ROBERTSON, 101, Peddie Street.
T. ROWAN, 225, Hilltown.
H. SAMSON, 6, Thorter Row.
W. SCRIMGEOUR, 236, Blackness Road.
J. SMITH, 14, Mid Street.
R. SMITH, 161, Ann Street.
E. F. TOBIN, 45, Den Road.
R. WILLIAMSON, 12, Rosefield Street.

DUNFERMLINE.

J. COMBE, 6, Mid Beveridgewell.
W. LINDSAY, Long Row, Halbeath.
R. MILNE, junr., 5, Goldram Street.
J. KEDDIE, 6, Rose Crescent.
A. M. ROBERTSON, 46, Chalmers Street.
D. SEAMAN, 35, James Place.
W. SEAMAN, 35, James Place.
J. WARDROPE, Lorne Villa, Townhill Road.

DUNSTABLE.

H. BROWN, Kingsbury Farm.
C. E. KING, 3, Wellington Terrace.
F. SHIRUBSALL, "Fairhaven," Downs Road.
C. A. WHITE, Market Hill.

DUNSTON-ON-TYNE.

J. ARROWSMITH, Mount Oswald.
G. BINNEY, 80, Ravensworth Road.
H. SMITH, Oak Villa.

DURHAM.

F. J. BLAND, Market Place.
W. HOPE, Victor Terrace, Bearpark.

DURSLEY.

E. J. COX, The Quarry.

DYSART (FIFE).

J. ROSS, 30, High Street.

DYSETH.

C. E. BOWLAND, "Craigside," Och-y-Vael.

EAGLESCLIFFE.

B. PEAT, 4, Beechwood Road.

EARBY.

J. ALDRIDGE, 16, Cemetery Road.

EARLESTOWN.

A. J. BROWN, Town Hall.
F. W. BROWN, Town Hall.
H. DODGSON, 34, Rydal Road.

EARLSWOOD.

H. R. KNIGHT, 10, Horley Road.

EASINGWOLD.

T. W. LAYTON, c/o Mr. Myers, High Street.

EAST AYTON.

P. BECK.

EASTBOURNE.

W. AMOS, "Enniskillen," Sidly Road.
A. W. BROCKHURST, 37, Lower Road.
H. BUTCHERD, 81, Railway Terrace.
M. W. CATT, Church Street, Willington.
C. W. DAVEY, 53, Bradford Street, Old Town.
P. H. HARVEY, "Ivydene," Whitley Road.
F. HOLDING, Twinstead Cottage, Torfield Road.
A. W. HUGHES, 91, Susans Road.
F. W. JACKSON, 23, Terminus Place.
F. WELLER, 9, Terminus Place.

EAST DEREHAM.

B. NEAVE, Victoria House.

EAST GRINSTEAD.

G. ETHERINGTON, 46, Cantelupe Road.
A. HALL, 38, Cantelupe Road.

EAST HADDON.

A. BARRETT.

EAST KEYHAM.

W. S. BROCK, 55, Renown Street.

EAST KIRKBY.

T. FAIRBROTHER, 12, Edward Street.
C. A. LANE, Diamond Avenue.
B. SCOTHERN, 38, Gladstone Street.
A. WHETTON, 79, Low Moor Road.
R. WOOD, "Birkdale," Diamond Avenue.

EASTLEIGH.

T. H. BATT, 18, Station Hill.
C. COSIER, Hazledown, Archers Road.

(To be continued.)



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without a signing a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London E.C.
Frock coat, chest 38, brand new, cost 45s.; sell £2.—Box 4046, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.
Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Gent's mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Trousers hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Goodyear's wet weather rubber knee-boots, worn once. Cost 27s.; take 9s. 6d.; size, 6½.—Box 4046, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Winter overcoat for sale, navy blue cloth, satin lined, good condition, chest 38in.; 24s.—Box 4047, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Set of ivory bagatelle balls, large size. What offers?—Box 4041, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, pair of good roller skates, size 9; Brampton's make preferred.—Box 4042, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, bagatelle table, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4029, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Mill's punch-ball; sell cheap or exchange other automatics.—Box 4048, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, set of boxing gloves suitable for boy scouts.—Box 4049, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, billiard-dining table, 7ft. or 8ft., must be in perfect playing condition.—Box 4050, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Spalding's No. 12 chest weight apparatus, 1 set 50z. championship boxing gloves, 1 set International 50z., 1 set 90z. No. 11, also all the above make, and in good condition, 40s. the lot.—Box 4051, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, bicycle trailer, good condition, cheap.—Write particulars, Box 4052, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Road Racer, 22in. frame, reversible handle bars, weight 19½lb, latest patent French detachable tyres; cost £11, take £4 10s. cash; not ridden 50 miles.—Box 4053, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted at once, bagatelle board, second-hand, complete, and in good condition.—State price to Box 4054, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
A double-barrel breech-loading gun, twisted barrels, very handy; price £2.—Box 4056, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.
Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, good ½ plate enlarging camera, complete, with lens, folding background, for indoor portraits, good ½ plate portrait lens.—Box 4060, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.
For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

MUSIC.

Violin and bow, 18s.; also banjo and case, 12s.—Box 4041, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4032, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
£250 Provident bond, amount paid £37 18s. 4d., accept £20; £200 ditto, paid £18 4s., accept £10.—Box 4067, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, £100 for two years, repayable £5 per month, good interest, first-class security, partly house property.—Box 4068, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
£350 British Homes certificates, amount paid £31 10s.; accept £12.—Box 4069, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
£300 Provident bond for sale, ballot department, £13 paid in. What offers?—Box 4070, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 3958, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3960, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Arabian Musk, secret of a harem slave. A fragrant, languorous, dreamy, Oriental perfume for men; 8d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford.
Hair restorer, corn cure, moustache grower, chilblain cure, grease spot-remover for clothes. Recipes for the lot, post free, for P.O. 1s. 2d.—Howard and Rogers, 4, Rookery Road, Bournbrook, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Conjuring.—Twelve novelties, 7d.—Paul Vandy, Magical Pastime Co., 108, Strand, London.
A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Conjuror's secrets—list 3d., good trick free.—F. Wilson, 323, New Hey Road, Bradford.
"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gent's handsome simulation gold double albert, with free gift of beautiful seal, 1s., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.
Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 5s. when new; bargain; accept 2s. 9d., post free.—Box 3961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
FREE! 1,000 gent's double simulation gold alberts to every purchaser of one of our 3s. 6d. gent's simulation gold keyless watches. Guaranteed perfect timekeepers. We will present absolutely free a beautiful double albert.—Send P.O. 3s. 6d. and three penny stamps for postage and packing to-day to J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.
A Genuine Offer!—Pocket knives, shop price 3s. 6d. our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1

With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A Fountain Pen for 7d. post free.—Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder, always ready for use, best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day, to Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10 S. 6 D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

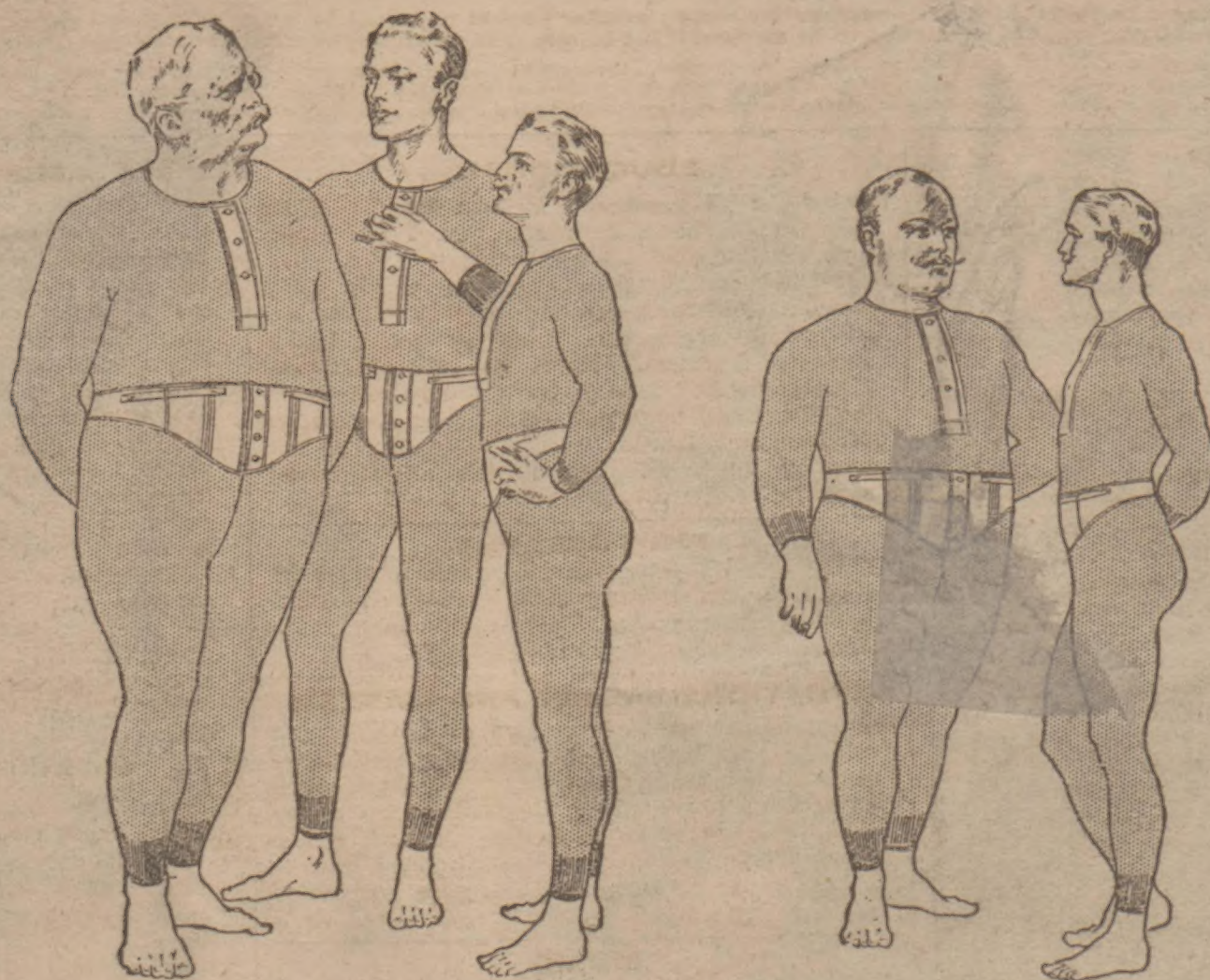
19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1 S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent's solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.



The Correct Length of Leg and Sleeve
for Every Type of Man is provided by
CUTUNA UNDERWEAR
(GRADUATED LENGTH UNSHRINKABLE)

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No need for "tucks," "turn-ups" or "short-ends" when you buy "Cutuna" underwear.

Outdoor men—Men who follow Sports and Games—will especially appreciate "Cutuna" Underwear for its fine warmth-giving qualities. The weight and texture are just right to keep the body at a cosy heat. Whether you watch the game or play it, there's little chance of catching a chill if you wear "Cutuna."

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is doubly woven. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

VESTS (Winter Weight), 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 7/11 (Medium Weight), 4/6
PANTS " " 3/11, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 8/11 " " 5/6

Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

Horne
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and Branches throughout London